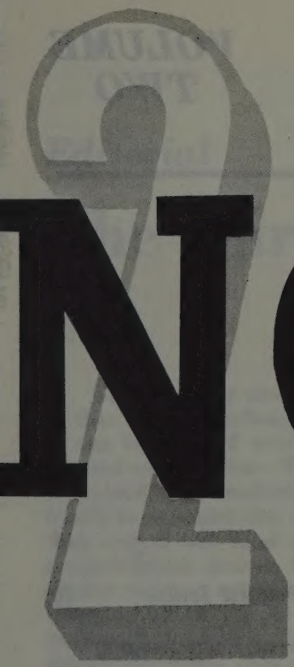

NOW

EDITORIAL. The Dark Night of the Intellect. HENRY MILLER: A Dream of Mobile. HERBERT READ: Collaboration for Liberty. GEORGE WOODCOCK: William Godwin. XAVIER FORNERET: The Diamond on the Grass. FREDRICK LOHR: Tolstoy. LOUIS ADEANE: Psychoanalysis and Government. ALEX COMFORT: Art and Social Responsibility. POEMS by Christopher Willard, Harry Green, Louis Adeane, Peter W. Young, Philip O'Connor, Christopher Lee.

ONE & SIXPENCE

NOW

VOLUME TWO

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Editorial

The Dark Night of the Intellect

The war drags slowly towards its end, and already the outlines of that sordid conclusion become visible through the mist of lies. It can be assumed now that the dusty palms will fall to the ill-assorted trio of Allies. The two " democracies " and the " workers' fatherland" will establish their hegemony over the world, and it is hardly to be hoped that the peace they will dictate to the people of their own as well as of enemy lands will be other than a victor's, a Carthaginian peace. For this war can be understood only as a conflict between rulers and their subjects, to which the internecine struggle between various sections of the world ruling class is merely incidental and largely illusory. It is unlikely that, in the event of defeat, the ruling class of Germany will find it any more difficult than did the ruling class of Italy to secure their survival and most of their privileges. At the same time, it is certain that the people of Germany will be made to suffer, as they did after 1918 and as the starved Italians suffer to-day under the " democratic " rule of the British and American armies. Furthermore, it is certain that, of the so-called "victors," only a minority will enjoy edible fruits of victory.

The time of this victory will be dictated by circumstances we cannot calculate at the present day. What is certain is that the Allies will time the ending of the war by political rather than military considerations. So long as the war strengthens their rule over the people, they will tend to perpetuate it, regardless of whether they can crush the German armies in a relatively short time. When it appears that the people's patience is stretched to the point of danger, they will contrive a rapid conclusion, no doubt by the most cynical Green Table arrangement with their so-called enemies.

Of the peace that will follow we are given many attractive pictures. For years now, the planners have been busy with their blue prints and models, and the newspapers have varied their reports of military victories with even more fulsome descriptions of the rewards that will be given to those who have participated in these

victories. If all the stories are to be believed, "homes for heroes" are nothing to the pre-fabricated palaces they will enjoy after this war.

Unfortunately for the Government, few people seem to take their promises at face value. The men in the ranks tend to remember that the promises of 1918 ended for many in the right to sell bootlaces in the gutters of London. The men and women in the factories tend to look back on the starvation years that followed the short period of prosperity and high wages during the 1914-18 war. They know, and no capitalist economist or apologist can convince them otherwise, that peace will lead eventually to a depression in which their distress will be no less than it was in the early 1930's.

Among writers, painters, intellectuals in general, whose life in normal times is never anything but precarious, what will happen in peace-time is the subject of more than a little anxious discussion.

For a great proportion of the intellectuals the war has been a period of comparative prosperity and security. Some, it is true, were unlucky enough to be conscripted into the army, and others—a small minority—acted on the principles they had expounded in peace-time and refused to participate in the war in any avoidable way. But a very large proportion took up work in the B.B.C., Ministry of Information, or other Government offices, where, by laying aside the vague revolutionary or pacifistic sentiments they had voiced before the war, they contrived to insure themselves against both military service and poverty. The price they had to pay for this security from two major evils was that of co-operating with the Government in deceiving the people as to the real nature and objects of the war. The degradation to which they subjected themselves can be observed only too clearly in the poor hack work which some formerly promising authors have produced as broadcast programmes or film scripts.

It may be that these men thought they were acting rightly—for it is surprising how many intelligent men have little sense of social ethics. It may be, on the other hand, that they saw the inconsistency of their actions, but calculated that in the great moral chaos of the war they could do little by making an individual stand, and, as a consequence, decided that by taking a good and safe job, even if it happened to compromise their consciences, they would at least be serving their own interests in the best possible way.

Whatever way they justified their actions to themselves and to others, events will prove them wrong much more effectively than could the arguments of any opponent. Only two possible alternatives seem to face the writers who have collaborated. Either, as has indeed been rumoured, some kind of State-subsidised culture service will be set up, to maintain subservient and persecute recalci-

trant authors and artists. State patronage will attempt to mould approved forms of writing and art—with similar results in sterility of inspiration to those which followed such developments in Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany. The independent artist, the daring thinker, will have to work in the shadows, clinging to the edge of existence and continually in danger of suppression. Those who fall into line will find their sterility and frustration frozen into permanent conditions which will make it extremely difficult for them ever to produce significant work. Art, more than any other human activity, is essentially anarchic in its practice, and, while the whims of individual patrons may in the past have encouraged the development of great writers, painters and musicians, the patronage of a government or a political system is bound to limit its favours to that which contains no element dangerous to order and obedience, art deprived of its living quality of agitation.

Alternatively, the State may decide that it can no longer find work for this large body of literary gentlemen. If this happens, there will be a great and pathetic exodus from the cosy Government offices to the chilly breadlines of post-war Bloomsbury. Writers and artists will become once again the most unwanted of the out-of-works, and the frowsy garret will reappear as a matter of necessity rather than choice. The "collaborationists," as we may justly call them, will find that their denial of former revolutionary or anti-militarist principles will lead them to a dusty impasse in an intellectual slum, where they will perhaps wonder what justified the folly of accepting such counterfeit reward for their apostacies.

However such an opinion may savour of self-righteous brutality, we think that of the two alternatives that face the intellectuals after the war, the less degrading and more beneficial is without doubt the return to the bread line. Then, at least, they will be saved from the deadly atrophy caused by writing and painting continually within the pattern of a manufactured and politically safe culture, will, even if they starve, be starving men rather than bloated eunuchs of the intellect. In adversity they will learn again the true nature of their enemies, and there is little doubt that those who put aside revolutionary thoughts for the duration will soon begin to realise their former ideas were nearer the truth than they might have imagined at the time of renunciation. It is, indeed, possible that some of the intellectual out-of-works will begin at last to develop some feeling of real solidarity with their fellows in misfortune—who will undoubtedly be many. It is not to be hoped that many will take an active part in social endeavours—nor, indeed, can it be expected of those who feel no urge of vocation towards such work—but it can possibly be hoped that they will at least refrain from supporting the forces of reaction which can destroy the artist as effectively by patronage as by suppression.

In case we should be accused of contending that poverty and adversity are in themselves good for the artist, we must point out that we uphold no such antediluvian folly. All we wish to say is that it is better to endure poverty and produce what satisfies one, than to grow fat producing to order in accordance with a lifeless pattern. Obviously, much better than either of these is to produce what satisfies one while living in comparative comfort with no worries about the next lump of bread-and-margarine. But this, under a materialist society governed by the all-importance of property, is a privilege reserved only for the few. The liberation of most intellectuals from the dual chains of poverty and State patronage will come only in a society where neither property nor the State exist. Such a society, unless men will it and strive towards it, they will never attain.

Note

"NOW" represents no political sect, nor does it attempt to establish any orthodoxy of thought. Its outlook, as readers will realise, is anarchist, and, in general, those writers whose contributions touch on social matters adhere to the broad fundamental doctrines of anarchism. *"NOW"* does not support all the ideas of all its contributors, but we believe that a social tendency is effective and healthy only insofar as it can admit free discussion among its advocates and even disagreement on all but the basic points of belief.

The fossilisation of belief into dogma is the end of growth for any way of thought. Nothing organic can live without change—and thought is no less organic than any other product of life. Our thought is dead unless it can accept *necessary* change. Therefore those who maintain a belief in human freedom and realise that men cannot be freed by the paradoxical method of authority, should expect discussion and change within their movement as a sign of vitality. Whatever differences there may appear between them, between so typical a cross section as the contributors to *"NOW"* will be in reality minute in comparison with the gulf that divides them from those who have not yet realised the necessity for freedom to be more than a myth.

Henry Miller

A Dream of Mobile

And now to get back to my dream of Mobile. . . . The other night, having no money to eat with, I decided to go to the public library and look up a chapter in a famous book which I had promised a friend of mine in Washington I would read. The book was *The Travels of Marco Polo;* the chapter was devoted to a description of the city of Kin-Sai or Hang-cheu. The man who asked me to read about this splendorous city is a scholar; he has read thousands of books and will probably read thousands more before he dies. He had said to me at lunch one day: "Henry, I've just found the city I'd like to live in. It's Hang-cheu of the 13th century." The conversation took place about a year ago. I had forgotten all about it until the other night when I was hungry. So instead of physical nourishment I decided on a spiritual feast.

I must confess I was disappointed in Marco Polo. He bores me. I remember having tried to read him about thirty years ago and coming to the same conclusion. What did interest me this time, however, was John Masefield's introduction to the book. "When Marco Polo went to the East," writes Masefield, "the whole of Central Asia, so full of splendour and magnificence, so noisy with nations and kings, was like a dream in men's minds." I have read this sentence over several times. It stirs me. I would like to have written that sentence myself. With a few strokes of the pen Masefield evokes a picture which Marco Polo himself, who had seen the splendour and magnificence of the East, fails to do—*for me.*

I would like to quote a few more lines from this splendid foreword of Masefield's. It has a lot to do with my trip through the United States—and with my dream of Mobile.

"It is accounted a romantic thing to wander among strangers and to eat their bread by the camp-fires of the other half of the world. There is romance in doing this, though the romance has been over-estimated by those whose sedentary lives have created in them a false taste for action. Marco Polo wandered among strangers; but it is open to any one (with courage and the power of motion) to do the same. Wandering in itself is merely a form of self-indulgence. It it adds not to the stock of human knowledge or if it gives not to others the imaginative possession of some part of the world, it is a pernicious habit. The acquisition of knowledge,

the accumulation of fact, is noble only in those few who have that alchemy which transmutes such clay to heavenly eternal gold. . . . It is only the wonderful traveller who sees a wonder, and only five travellers in the world's history have seen wonders. The others have seen birds and beasts, rivers and wastes, the earth and the (local) fullness thereof. The five travellers are Herodotus, Gaspar, Melchior, Balthazar and Marco Polo himself. The wonder of Marco Polo is this—that he created Asia for the European mind. . . ."

Marco Polo was seventeen when he departed from Venice with his uncles. Seventeen years later he returned to Venice in rags. Almost immediately thereafter he enlisted in the war against Genoa, was taken prisoner and, during the course of his incarceration, wrote the book which immortalised his journey. Curious, *what*? Consider the state of his mind, locked up in a dungeon as he was, after having lived out a dream of splendour and magnificence. *"When Marco Polo went to the East. . . ."* The phrase repeats itself like a refrain. *"Like a dream in men's minds. . . ."* Think of Balboa, of Columbus, of America Vespucius! Men who dreamed, and then realised their dreams. Men filled with wonder, with longing, with ecstasy. Sailing straight for the unknown, finding it, realising it, and then returning to the strait-jacket. Or dying of fever in the midst of a mirage. Cortez, Ponce de Leon, de Soto! Madmen. Dreamers. Fanatics. In search of the marvellous. In quest of the miracle. Murdering, raping. plundering. The Fountain of Youth. Gold. Gods. Empires. Splendour and magnificence, yes—but also fever, hunger, thirst, poisoned arrows, mirages, death. Sowing hate and fear. Spreading the white man's poison. Spreading the white man's fears and superstitions, his greed, his envy, his malice, his restlessness.

When the Spaniards sailed West. . . . Quite another story.

The Gold Rush. The Stampede. The Gadarene Swine. A sequel enacted by their successors, the Americans. Gone the splendour and magnificence. Noisy now with dynamos and factory whistles. The wonders have been extirpated, the quest is ended. The gold has been put back into the earth, deep down where no bomb can ever reach it. We have almost all there is, and it is rotting there, of no use to anyone, least of all to those who hoard it and guard it with their lives.

"When Marco Polo went to the East. . . ." You have only to incant the phrase and the fullness of the earth opens up. The imagination is drowned before the sentence is finished. Asia. Just Asia, and the mind trembles. Who can fill in the picture of Asia? Marco Polo gives thousands of details, but they are like a drop in the bucket. No matter what man has accomplished since, no matter what miracles he has wrought, the word Asia floods his memory with a splendour and magnificence unequalled. Prophets, scholars, sages, mystics, dreamers, madmen, fanatics, tyrants, emperors, con-

querors, all of them greater than Europe has ever known, came out of Asia. Religions, philosophies, temples, palaces, walls, fortresses, paintings, tapestries, jewels, drugs, liquors, incense, clothing, foodstuffs, culinary arts, metals, the great inventions, the great languages, the great books, the great cosmogonies, all come out of Asia. Even the stars came out of Asia. There were gods and demi-gods—thousands and thousands of them. And Godmen. Avatars. Precursors. Asia was inspired. Asia is still inspired. If in the thirteenth century Asia was like a dream in men's minds to-day it is even more so. Asia is inexhaustible. There is Mongolia, there is Tibet, there is China, there is India. Our conception of these places, of the people that fill them, of the wisdom they possess, of the spirit that animates them, of their striving, their goals and their fulfillments almost nil. Our adventurers and explorers lose themselves there, our scholars are confounded there, our evangelists and zealots and bigots are reduced to nullity there, our colonials rot there, our machines look puny and insignificant there, our armies are swallowed up there. Vast, multiform, polyglot, seething with unharnessed energy, now stagnant, now alert, ever menacing, ever mysterious, Asia dwarfs the world. We are like spiders trying to cope with giant cedars. We spin out our webs, but the slightest tremor of the slumbering giant which is Asia can destroy the work of centuries. We are giving our guts, hollowing ourselves out, but the Asiatics swim on the breast of a mighty ocean, and they are tireless, endless, inextinguishable. They move with the great earth currents; we struggle vainly against the tide. We sacrifice everything to destruction; they sacrifice everything to life.

Well, *Mobile*. . . . Supposing now that you were me, that you were living in Paris and content to remain there for the rest of your life. Supposing that every night, when you came back to your studio, you stood a few minutes with hat and coat on, a big, fat pencil in your hand, and you wrote down in a big book whatever came into your head. Naturally, if you went to bed with the names of cities jingling in your head, you would dream some fantastic dreams. Sometimes you might find yourself dreaming with eyes wide open, not certain whether you were in bed or standing up at the big table. And sometimes, when you had hoped to close your eyes and give yourself up to the most delicious dream sensations, you found yourself wrestling with a nightmare. Take a classic one such as the following. . . .

Some one you think is you is looking in the mirror. He sees a face he doesn't recognise. It is the face of an idiot. He becomes terrified and soon thereafter finds himself in a concentration camp where he is kicked around like a football. He has forgotten who he was, forgotten his name, his address, even what he looked like. He knows he is crazy. After years of the vilest torture he suddenly finds himself at the exit and, instead of being driven back to

the pen with a bayonet, he is pushed out into the world. Yes, by a miracle he is made free again. His emotion is indescribable. But then, as he looks around, he realises that he hasn't the faintest conception of where he might be. It could be Queensland, Patagonia, Somaliland, Rhodesia, Siberia, Staten Island, Mozambique—or a corner of an unknown planet. He is lost, more completely lost than ever. A man approaches and he starts to explain his predicament, but before he can form a phrase he finds that he has lost his language too. Fortunately at this point he wakes up. . . .

If you have never experienced that particular form of nightmare try it some time; it will make your hair stand on end, if nothing else.

The dream of Mobile is another thing, and why I couple the two I don't know, but for some obscure reason the one and the other *are* coupled in my mind. The Freudian know-it-alls will probably have the answer. They can unravel everything but their own private dilemmas.

I think what really started me dreaming about Mobile and other places in America which I had never visited was the extraordinary curiosity which my friend Alfred Perlès evinced whenever the name America came up. He used to grab me by the sleeve sometimes and beg me with tears in his eyes to solemnly promise that I would take him with me if I ever returned. Arizona was the place he was particularly nuts about. You could talk all night about the deep South or the Great Lakes or the Mississippi basin and he would sit goggle-eyed, with mouth wide open, the perspiration dripping from his brow, apparently thoroughly absorbed, thoroughly carried away. But when you had finished he would pipe up fresh as a daisy: *"Now tell me about Arizona!"* Sometimes, having talked for half the night, having exhausted myself, having drunk enough to fill a tank, I would answer—"the hell with Arizona, I'm going to bed." "All right," he would say, "go to bed. You can talk in bed. I won't go home till you tell me about Arizona." "But I've told you all I know," I would remonstrate. "That doesn't matter, Joey," he'd answer, "I want to hear it all over again." It was almost like the Steinbeck duet between Lennie and the other guy. He was a glutton for Arizona. Now he's "somewhere in Scotland," with the Pioneer Corps, but I swear to Christ if he ever runs across an American in that Godforsaken place the first thing he'll say will be: "Tell me about Arizona!"

Naturally when a man has such an unbounded enthusiasm for a place you are familiar with, a place you think you know, you begin to wonder if you do know. America is a vast place, and I doubt if any man knows it thoroughly. It's possible too to live in a place and not know anything about it, because you don't want to know. I remember a friend of mine coming to Paris on a honeymoon, finding it not at all to his liking, and finally coming to me one

day to ask if I would give him some typing to do—because he didn't know what to do with himself.

There were certain places, like Mobile again, which I never mentioned in the presence of Perlès. The Mobile I knew was thoroughly imaginary and I wanted to enjoy it all by myself. It gave me a great pleasure, I might say, to secretly resist his prying curiosity. I was like a young wife who delays telling her husband that she has become a mother. I kept Mobile in the womb, under lock and key, and day by day it grew, took on arms and legs, hair, teeth, nails, eye-lashes, just like a real foetus. It would have been a marvellous accouchement, had I been equal to it. Imagine a full-fledged city being born out of a man's loins! Of course, it never came off. It began to die in the womb, from lack of nourishment, I suppose, or because I fell in love with other cities—Domme. Sarlat, Rocamadour, Genoa, and so on.

How did I visualise Mobile? To tell the truth, it's all quite hazy now. Hazy, fuzzy, amorphous, crumbling. To get the feel of it again I have to mention the name of Admiral Farragut. *Admiral Farragut steamed into Mobile Bay.* I must have read that somewhere when a child. It stuck in my crop. I don't know to this day whether it's a fact or not—that Admiral Farragut steamed into Mobile Bay. I took it for granted then, and it was a good thing I did probably. Admiral Farragut has nothing more to do with the picture than that. He fades out *instanter.* What is left of the image is the word Mobile. Mobile is a deceptive word. It sounds quick and yet it suggests immobility—*glassiness.* It is a fluid mirror which reflects sheet lightning as well as somnolent trees and drugged serpents. It is a name which suggests water, music, light and torpor. It also sounds remote, securely pocketed, faintly exotic and, if it has any colour, is definitely white. Musically I would designate it as guitarish. Perhaps not even that resonant—perhaps mandolinish. Anyway, pluckable music—accompanied by bursting fruit and thin light columns of smoke. No dancing, except the dancing of motebeams, the evanescent beat of ascension and evaporation. The skin always dry, despite the excessive humidity. The slap-slap of carpet slippers, and figures silhouetted against half-drawn blinds. Corrugated silhouettes.

I have never once thought of work in connection with the word Mobile. *Not anybody working.* A city surrounded with shells, the empty shells of by-gone fietas. Bunting everywhere and the friable relics of yesterday's carnival. Gaiety always in retreat, always vanishing, like clouds brushing a mirror. In the center of this glissando Mobile itself, very prim, very proper, Southern and not Southern, listless but upright, slatternly yet respectable, bright but not wicked. Mozart for the mandolin. Not Segovia feathering Bach. Not grace and delicacy so much as anaemia. Fever-coolth. Musk. Fragrant ashes.

In the dream I never pictured myself as entering Mobile by automobile. Like Admiral Farragut, I saw myself steaming into Mobile Bay, generating my own power. I never thought I would pass through places like Panama City, Apalachicola, Port St. Joe, or that I would be within striking distance of Valparaiso and Bagdad, or that by crossing Millers Ferry I would be on the way to the Ponce de Leon Springs. In their dream of gold the Spaniards had preceded me. They must have moved like fevered bedbugs through the swamps and forests of Florida. And when they hit Bon Secours they must have been completely whacky—to give it a French name, I mean. To cruise along the Gulf is intoxicating; all the water routes are exfoliative, if one can put it that way. The Gulf is a great drama of light and vapour. The clouds are pregnant and always in bloom, like oniric cauliflowers; sometimes they burst like cysts in the sky, shedding a precipitate of mercurium chromide; sometimes they stride across the horizon with thin, wispy legs of smoke. In Pensacola I had a crazy room in a crazy hotel. I thought I was in Perpignan again. Towards dusk I looked out the window and saw the clouds battling; they collided with one other like crippled dirigibles, leaving streamers of tangled wreckage dangling in the sky. It seemed as though I were at a frontier, that two wholly different worlds were fighting for domination. In the room was a monstrous poster that dated back to the days of the sewing machine. I lay back on the bed and before my eyes there passed in review all the screaming, caterwauling monstrosities of the poster art which had assaulted my innocent vision when a child. Suddenly I thought of Dolly Varden—God only knows why!—and then a perfect avalanche of names, all theatrical, all sentimental, assailed me: Elsie Ferguson, Frances Starr, Effie Shannon, Julia Sanderson, Cyril Maude, Julian Eltinge, Marie Cahill, Rose Coghlan, Crystal Herne, Minnie Maddern Fiske, Arnold Daly, Leslie Carter, Anna Held, Blanche Bates, Elsie Janis, Wilton Lackaye, Kyrle Bellew, William Collier, Rose Stahl, Fritzi Scheff, Margaret Anglin, Virginia Harned, Henry Miller, Walker Whiteside, Julie Opp, Ada Rehan, Cecilia Loftus, Julia Marlowe, Irene Franklin, Ben Ami, Bertha Kalich, Lulu Glaser, Olga Nethersole, John Drew, David Warfield, James K. Hackett, William Faversham, Joe Jackson, Weber and Fields, Valeska Suratt, Snuffy the Cabman, Richard Carle, Montgomery and Stone, Eva Tanguay, the great Lafayette, Maxine Elliot, David Belasco, Vesta Victoria, Vesta Tilly, Roy Barnes, Chick Sales, Nazimova, Modjeska, the Duse, Ida Rubenstein, Lenore Ulric, Richard Bennett and his most lovely, beautiful wife whose name I have forgotten, the only actress to whom I ever penned a love letter.

Was it the Talafax Hotel? I can't remember any more. Anyway, it was Pensacola—and again it wasn't Pensacola. It was a frontier and there was an aerial drama going on which sub-

sequently drenched the earth with violent hues. The stage stars were traipsing back and forth over my closed eyelids, some in full length tights, some decolleté, some with flaming red wigs, some with laced corsets, some with pantaloons, some in ecstasy, some morbid, some smoked like hams, some defiant, some piquant, but all of them posturing, gesturing, declaiming, all trying to crowd one another off the stage.

I had never anticipated an appetising banquet like that when dreaming of sailing down Mobile Bay. It was like being in limbo, a levitation act on the threshold of the dream. A day or two before we had crossed the Suwannee River. In Paris I had dreamed of taking a boat and sailing right into the Okefinokee Swamp, just to trace the river to its source. That was a pipe dream. If I had another hundred years to live, instead of fifty, I might still do it, but time is getting short. There are other places to visit—Easter Island, the Papuan Wonderland, Yap, Johore, the Caroline Islands, Borneo, Patagonia—Tibet, China, India, Persia, Arabia—and Mongolia. The ancestral spirits are calling me; I can't put them off much longer. *"When Henry Miller left for Tibet. . . ."* I can see my future biographer writing that a hundred years from now. Whatever happened to Henry Miller? He disappeared. He said he was going to Tibet. Did he get there? Nobody knows. . . . That's how it will be. Vanished mysteriously. Exit with two valises and a trunkful of ideas. But I will come back again one day, in another suit of flesh. I may make it snappy, too, and surprise everybody. One remains away just long enough to learn the lesson. Some learn faster than others. I learn very quickly. My home work is all finished. I know that the earth is round, but I know also that that is the least important fact you can mention about it. I know that there are maps of the earth which designate a country called America. That's also relatively unimportant. *Do you dream?* Do you leave your little *locus perdidibus* and mingle with the other inhabitants of the earth? Do you visit the other earths, whatever they be called? Do you have the stellar itch? Do you find the airplane too slow, too inhibited? Or are you a coconut that falls to the ground with a thud? I would like to take an inventory of man's longings and compare it with his accomplishments. I would like to be master of the heavens for just one day and rain down all the dreams, desires, longings peculiar to man. I would like to see them take root, not slowly through the course of historical aeons, *but immediately.* God save America! That's what I say too, because who else is capable of doing the trick? And now before I jump Mobile by way of Pascagoula I give you the greetings of a "hotel de luxe," The Lafayette, in New Orleans:—

> "To you who enter this room as a guest, we who manage this hotel give hearty greetings.

We may never get to know you, but just the same we want you to feel that this is a 'human house,' and not a soulless institution.

This is your Home, be it for a day or night only.

Human beings own the place.

Human beings care for you here, make the bed and clean the room, answer your telephone, run your errands. We keep a human being at the desk and a human being carries your valise. They are all made of flesh and blood, as you are; they have their interests, likes and dislikes, ambitions, dreams and disappointments, just as you have.

Of course you have to pay your price. Everybody has to do that everywhere. But the best part of any business transaction is the flow of human interest that goes with it.

We are going to take care of you. Whatever rules there are here are made for the purpose of protecting you and insuring your comfort, not to annoy you.

A good rule for a hotel, as for anything else, is The Golden Rule—Do as you'd be done by.

We shall try to put ourselves in your place. We ask ourselves, 'How would I like to be treated if I were stopping at a hotel?' And we ask you to put yourself in our place. Before you condemn us, ask yourself, 'What would I do if I were running a hotel?'

If we fail to measure up to that standard, let us know. We assume that every man guest here is a Gentleman, every woman guest a Lady. We believe the average American is courteous, quiet, law abiding, anxious to avoid trouble, considerate of others, and willing to pay as he goes.

May you be healthy under our roof,, and no evil befall you. May you find here convenience, a cheerful atmosphere, and your days be full of success, so that your stay in this hotel shall be a happy memory.

"or a little space you lodge with us—and we wish to put these good thoughts upon you—so God keep you, stranger, and bring you your heart's desire. And when you go away, leave for this hotel a bit of grateful feeling."

(What a friend we have in Jesus! I brush the pearly tears from my eyes, spit a good healthy gob, and quietly eviscerate the crockroaches I left behind in the cuspidor of Room 213. Make a mental note to reread Ouspenski's *Tertium Organum*. About face!)

I am back in the fourteenth arrondissement and the cot on which I am lying is steaming into Mobile Bay. The exhaust pipe is open, the tiller is at the till. Below me are the crustaceans of the zinc and tin age, the omniverous anemones, the melted ice bergs, the

oyster beds, the hollyhocks and the huge hocks of ham. The Lufthansa is conducting a pilgrimage to Hattiesburg. Admiral Farragut has been dead for almost a century. In Devachan most likely. It is all so familiar, the ricocheting mandolins, the ashen fragrance, the corrugated silhouettes, the glassy stare of the bay. Neither toil nor spin, neither bubble nor trouble. The cannons look down on the moat and the moat speaks not. The town is white as a sepulchre. Yesterday was All Souls Day and the sidewalks are peppered with confetti. Those who are up and about are in white ducks. The heat waves make their ascent slantwise, the sound waves move seismographically. No rataplan, no rat-a-tat, but slap-slap, slap-slap. The ducks are floating up the bay, their bills all gold and iridescence. Absinthe is served on the verandah with scones and bursting paw-paws. The caw, the rook, the oriole gather up the crumbs. As it was in the time of Saul, as were the days for the Colossians and the nights for the Egyptians, so it is now. To the south of the Horn, eastward the Bosphorus. East, west, clock, counter-clock, Mobile revolves like a torpid astrolabe. Men who knew the shade of the baobab swing lazily in their hammocks. Haunched and dehaunched the boneless bronzed women of the Equatorial regions amble by. Something Mozartian, something Segovian, stirs the air. Maine contributes her virginity, Arabia her spices. It is a merry-go-round standing stock still, the lions affable, the flamingos poised for flight. Take the milk of aloes, mix clove and brandy wine, and you have the spiritual elixir of Mobile. There is no hour when things are different, no day which is not the same. It lies in a pocket, is honey-combed with light, and flutters like a plucked cat-gut. It is mobile, fluid, fixed, but not glued. It is mildly, pleasantly bewildering, like the first lesson in Chinese or the first round with a hypnotist. Events transpire in all declensions at once; they are never conjugated. What is not Gog is Magog—and at nine *punkt* Gabriel always blows his horn. *But is it music*? Who cares? The duck is plucked, the air is moist, the tide's out and the goat's securely tethered. The wind is from the bay, the oysters are from the muck. Nothing is too exciting to drown the pluck-pluck of the mandolines. The slugs move from slat to slat; their little hearts beat fast, their brains fill with swill. By evening it's all moonlight on the bay. The lions are still affably baffled and whatever sports, spits, fumes and hisses is properly snaffled. *C'est la mort du carrousel, la mort douce des choux- bruxelles.*

Herbert Read

Collaboration for Liberty

La Victoire avant tout sera
De bien voir au loin
De tout voir
De prés
Et que tout ait un nom nouveau
—APOLLINAIRE.

In a series of articles which M. René Avord recently contributed to "La France Libre," he analysed the motives and tendencies of certain "écrivains collaborateurs" in occupied France. In his first article M. Avord confessed that the spectacle was one which aroused, in a compatriot, sentiments far more complex than a spontaneous indignation. There entered, into the reactions natural to a Frenchman, "un motif tour à tour de stupefaction. de fureur, d'inquiétude, d'interrogation."

In the degree of their love of France and sympathy for the French genius, all English writers share these feelings; and a sense of decency requires that we should not intervene in what may be regarded as a domestic quarrel. But this quarrel is not without its bearings on our own condition, for the more thoughtful among us are well aware that the felicity in which we dwell is merely hypocritical, and that but for the fortunes of war we should have been put to the same tests as our colleagues in France. It does not become any English writer to criticise the defeatists and collaborators in France without first making a severe examination of his own conscience. There are among us, freely walking the streets and openly expressing their ambiguous opinions, many writers who, in the event of an invasion and occupation of this country, would have acted and would now be acting in a manner exactly resembling that of Montherlant or Fabre-Luce. I am not going to make insinuations against any individuals, though naturally I have my suspicions. But I am not afraid to apply the test to myself and to admit a doubt. Among the "collaborateurs" I find the name of Jean Giono—the writer for whom, among all French writers, I had before the war the most intimate sympathy, an identity of view on almost all aspects of life. "Celui qui est emporté dans les ruissellements éperdus de la vie ne peut plus comprendre la guerre, ni l'injustice sociale"—that sentence, from *Refus d'Obéis-*

sance, I could adopt as the first article of my own faith. Perhaps I am more fatalist than pacifist, and for that reason have diverged and would have diverged (in similar circumstances) from the path taken by Giono. War is an imbecility, but it is also a catastrophe—an historical event determined, as Tolstoy showed, by thousands of previous contributory events. For a sane man to find himself in the midst of a war is much the same as if he were to drop from the sky into a colony of lunatics. It is useless to oppose the lunatics—they do not understand the language of reason. It is senseless to take part in their mad antics, or even to show the slightest sympathy for their illusions. One's moral duty is to try and cure them of their malady, and when they get too dangerous, to take shelter in a sound-proof cell. This is not an heroic attitude, and Giono, who is not a fatalist, for that reason cuts a nobler figure than ever I would do in the same circumstances. I only introduce this personal comparison to make clear the necessary ambiguity of the English attitude. We have not been tested and therefore we cannot legitimately stand in judgment over our former French colleagues.

I will mention one other consideration which should temper our dogmatism. Even in France, as M. Avord has shown, there were two distinct types of defeatism. There was the defeatism which was *the desire for defeat,* and there was the defeatism which was *the acceptance of defeat.* These two states of mind spring from very distinct levels. One is the expression of a state of more or less unconscious, more or less collective masochism: defeat is desired and welcomed for the pain it inflicts on the body politic, either as a just punishment for moral transgressions (a point of view often expressed by Pétain himself) or as a solvent of social injustice. Defeat, from this point of view, is a moral stimulant, a condemnation of the institutions which have suffered it, and an opportunity to rebuild with a zeal which victory will never bring ("On imagine difficilement", as Appollinaire wrote, "à quel point le succès rend les gens stupides at tranquilles"). The acceptance of defeat as an accomplished fact is another matter. It can be defended as military realism, and is then more likely to be the expression of a reactionary attitude—and one which, incidentally, would be typical of this country where a ready acceptance of defeat belongs to the public-school ideology known as "playing the game." Between professional soldiers, and the social systems which depend on a military hierarchy, there exists a mutual understanding which recognises in defeat, not the end of a social order, but merely an honourable incident in a life which can then resume its normal course. The ethics of the duel still prevail in the minds of many militarists, and that is a defeatism which, just because it has social sophistications, seems to me to be much more dangerous and reprehensible than the masochistic variety. A morbid torment for self-castigation is not a pretty spectacle—it still belongs to the lunatic asylum—but

it looks beyond war to the possibilities of moral regeneration. A defeatism which accepts the normality of war and the permanence of the social and moral sources of war has far worse consequences for the future of mankind.

It is in the interests of this future that we must judge our past actions and present motives. When the war ends, it is in the interests of the future that we must then judge the motives of all writers, of intellectuals of every kind. I suppose that in the imagination of their outraged compatriots, the collaborateurs will be arraigned before some court, condemned as traitors, and guillotined. If present passions are maintained, there is no reason why Montherlant and Drieu La Rochelle, Fabre-Luce and Chardonne, should not suffer the same fate as Saint-Just and Lavoisier, Bukharin and Trotsky, or the poets of the Irish Rebellion. Genius was never considered rare enough to exempt a a man from death, and Socrates gave some good reasons why. Genius, in any case, is sacrificed so prodigally in the imbecility of war that it would be unreasonable to expect it to be altogether spared in times of peace which, in our own experience, have been equally imbecile. I am only suggesting that at this stage, when the breath is held in the eager anticipation of the end, we might lift our eyes above the conflict and contemplate the still distant future. Our view will not be so clear either in the moment of "unconditional surrender," or in the confusion of peacemaking.

That future, I submit, has problems in store which altogether overshadow our present preoccupations. I do not refer only to the political and economic problems which will be the inevitable consequence of the war: the immediate problems of rehabilitation, of physical reconstruction, of international co-operation in the production and distribution of essential goods. These are all important enough, and so also are the less immediate but no less necessary questions of the future political structure of Europe and of the world in general. But in the course of settling these questions, all of which emerge out of the chaos created by the war, we shall find ourselves faced with even greater problems which are part of a world crisis of which the war is merely a passing symptom. These wider problems are both economic and moral, and it is possible that a solution of the moral problems must take precedence over the economic problems, though at present it is difficult to trace the interrelations of tendencies which have not yet reached their full development.

The economic future involves an industrial revolution more drastic than anything which has occurred in the past century. The industrial revolution which took place in the nineteenth century was largely *mechanical*: it involved the displacement of human and animal energy by steam and electric power, with consequences which affected every aspect of living. The industrial

revolution which is about to take place will be largely *chemical*, and involves the transformation of materials. The transmutation of matter is to-day an accomplished fact in the laboratories, and to-morrow will be a normal process in the workshops. From a few basic materials—coal, limestone, sea water, wood pulp—synthetic materials of any and every strength, colour and texture will be manufactured by processes at once swift, efficient and manifold. Vast industries which we now regard as normal will become obsolete, especially those associated with organic products like cotton, wool and leather. Crafts which were transformed by the mechanical revolution, such as spinning and weaving, will be completely eliminated, and others, such as bricklaying and carpentry, will only be indulged in as the hobbies of unemployed politicians. The consequent displacement of labour and shift in the status of the categories of labour (it will be a world divided between the scientific-worker and the general labourer, with the managers in control) will create social and financial troubles which far transcend in complexity anything we have yet experienced, and which will demand the highest degree of intellectual effort for their control.

Transcending even these problems, which are essentially material, will be the moral problem, or more simply speaking, the human problem. We may be able to create a world of peace and plenty, but there is absolutely no guarantee that this will be a world of contentment (not to use the more positive word happiness). There are people who believe sincerely that the peaceful conscience required for this condition can only be guaranteed by religious sanctions. It depends on one's definition of religion, but in the accepted sense it is not apparent that religion has ever been avid for man's happiness in this world. It has rather been the instigator of a divine discontent. I share the view of De Tocqueville, Mill, Acton, Croce and André Breton, that the sole guarantor of man's real happiness in his liberty. I quote these names at hazard from a score I might have mentioned, and to justify the inclusion of the last of them (a justification which will not be needed by those who know his impeccable record) I would like to quote some magnificent sentences from a "discourse" which Breton gave to the students of Yale University on the 10th December last.

> "Liberté : quelque usage grossièrement abusif qu'on ait essayé de faire de lui, ce mot n'est en rien corrompu. Il est le seul qui brûlerait la langue de Goebbels, c'est lui qui commande l'inscription que son compère Pétain n'a pu supporter au fronton des monuments publics. Liberté : et aussitot fulgurent à mon esprit les plus vieilles, les plus âpres, les plus excitantes disputes des théologiens, et aussitôt prennent possession de ma mémoire quelques-unes des phrases les plus lourdes de sens que je sache, celles qui portent tellement plus loin que leur mots.

J'entends tonner la voix de Saint-Just : "Pas de liberté pour les ennemis de la liberté." Je vois les fronts penchés des plus grands penseurs du XIXème siècle recueillant au fond du creuset cette certitude qui n'a l'air de rien et qui est tout : "La Liberté est la nécessité réalisée." Ce qui siffle maintenant comme un défi, oui, c'est encore cette brève notation d'Apollinaire : "Le marquis de Sade, cet esprit le plus libre qui ait encore existé." Et je vois monter, inexorable, grandir des décombres sous lesquels certains s'étaient jurés de l'étouffer la conscience ouvriére, où la liberté tient aujourd'hui la place du plus fin mouchoir de femme dans un poing massif, noirci à la peine et crispé.

This, it seems to me, is the authentic voice of liberty in our time, and it has been echoed in Eluard's poem on liberty, the most beautiful poem yet inspired by this struggle—the reddest blood, I would like to say, that has yet flowed from the pierced heart of France. The first duty of intellectuals, in that troubled future of which I have spoken, will be to guard jealously this liberty, "à la fois follement désirable et toute fragile," to which Breton and Eluard have so consistently attached themselves. Certainly there are others who always, and even now under the eyes of the enemy, have never hesitated to defend liberty. But I hope it is not being too subtle to suggest that the most dangerous enemies of liberty are not the most obvious : or that a duty which may seem imperative in war, especially war against an enemy so committed to authoritarianism as Germany, is a duty no less imperative in times of peace when the enemy wears no uniform and knows no frontiers. The moment peace is declared, the attack on liberty will take on other forms : and so long as liberty itself remains such an ill-defined concept, it is not unlikely that in the process of definition some who are now our friends will become enemies, and some who are now enemies or collaborators will become our friends.

The definition of liberty—that, in a phrase, is the whole duty of intellectuals in the political sphere, and it is a duty which, as Breton points out in the Discourse already referred to, falls naturally and rightly on the intellectual. It is a literary task, and it is only in so far as a writer achieves absolute clarity and sincerity of expression that he will be fit for the task. It is not an aim which can be achieved by any form of moral or æsthetic reactionaryism : a too fulsome defence of rhyme, for example, is to be suspected. Liberty, like peace, is indivisible. The same liberty of the human spirit which in 1789 triumphed in the political sphere inspired the romantic movement in art and literature, and every subsequent stage of its emancipation is marked as indelibly in the poetry, the paintings and the music of Europe and America as in their political institutions.

Many voices are now raised in defence of democracy, but few

among them seem to care for the reality of liberty—"I mean the assurance that every man shall be protected in doing what he believes his duty against the influence of authority and majorities, custom and opinion" (Acton). There are millions of young men to-day, born and bred in the closed world of dictatorship, for whom the concept of liberty is as remote as the myths of Attis and Osiris. Liberty for them is not a quality of individual existence: if they think of it at all, they associate it only with national existence, or possibly with material comforts. Already seventy years ago Burckhardt discerned that this desire for material comfort was to become the dominating feeling of the modern age, to which all spiritual qualities whatsoever would be sacrificed. There is a new myth in the world, a perverted mystique, which is called "the standard of living." It has the advantage of being realisable. The contented slave is a phenomenon not unknown to other periods of history, but these are precisely the decadent epochs, which die from lack of organic vitality. In the end liberty—the liberty of the individual—is life. The question, therefore, is not whether we should forego our liberty for the sake of our material comforts, but to what extent these material comforts are compatible with the prevalence of liberty. The possibility of keeping the principle of liberty intact, even throughout the immense economic changes we have foreseen, is not excluded—in view of the inevitability of those changes, it would be the ultimate defeatism to imagine otherwise. On this prospect Benedetto Croce, the greatest libertarian philosopher of our time, has said the final word:

> "But why should liberty desert the world, and man descend from being a man to being a slave or a sheep, just because instead of the few roads and the poor communications of other days, human society has now at its disposal railways and airways, telegraphs and telephones and radio, means of understanding which facilitate centralisation of government and business? Or because, instead of individual cultivation of land, we are now adopting or may adopt agricultural associations or even State agricultural institutions; and instead of free trade, trade which is more or less regulated? Liberty has no objection to make, in principle, to these or similar economic changes, if calculation and economic experience, which are alone competent in these matters, approve of them, in the given conditions, as more useful and more productive than others. Liberty objects to and opposes only this: nationalisation of the soul, the sale of that which cannot be sold: and for its part it accepts or rejects all economic changes only with regard to this, its supreme principle."*

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* *History as the Story of Liberty* (trans. by Sylvia Sprigge). London (Allen and Unwin), 1941, pp. 233-4.

George Woodcock

William Godwin and Political Justice

The early days of Godwin's literary life show little of the influence of the mind that appeared in his later work as the most profound and individual of his generation. The early sermons, published while he still had faith in the nonconformist religion of his youth, and the later semi-political journalism, such as one would expect to be written by a parson who had forsaken his cloth for more rational avocations, were slight in their inspiration and seemed to show a methodical and imitative mind rather than one capable of a high degree of original thought. The early novels and plays, which have vanished from the literary scene and which seem to have contributed little towards Godwin's maintenance in those struggling days, appear, from the descriptions that remain, to have been hardly more attractive.

A more valuable employment, so far as its eventual results were concerned, was a contract to write historical articles in a monthly which Murray started in 1784, called *The English Review* (whose policy was far removed from the Tory chauvinism of its nineteenth century successor). This employment was not of great financial help, as it can hardly have earned him more than a couple of guineas a month, but it brought him into the regular circle of political journalists, and when the Whig *Political Herald* was founded in 1785, Godwin wrote in it a series of articles, which showed no great social insight, but which had the practical effect of making him known in radical circles.

A little later he was entrusted with writing the historical section of *The New Annual Register,* produced to offset the influence of the Tory *Annual Register.* This was a publication of a higher standard than the reviews for which he had written previously, and his work involved much research which was to be valuable in his later writing. Also, by assuring him an income of sixty pounds a year, it allowed him to devote more time to reading and leisurely thought.

When the cloud of the French Revolution burst over the aristocratic and unjust world of the 1780's, Godwin was thus by no means unknown in the liberal circles then existing in England. Although he was naturally disinclined to accept membership of any of the political societies of the day, he maintained close contact with them, and also with some of the better individual radicals, such as

Sheridan and Curran, and went so far as to co-operate on certain particular issues, e.g., he was one of the Committee which undertook the publication of Tom Paine's *The Rights of Man*.

He was one of those on whom the events of the French Revolution had a most profound effect, and he immediately undertook its defence against the Tory reactionaries. But with the maturing of events in France and of their influence on the minds of his English contemporaries, it became clear to Godwin that none of the radicals had realised in anything like full degree the conclusions implicit in the theory and events of the French Revolution. To destroy monarchy and aristocracy as governmental instruments was a good thing, and on this point all the supporters of the Revolution, and many who later became its bitter enemies, were agreed. But that was as far as most of them went. Yet to evolve no clear idea of the society that should follow the abolition of such tyrannical evils was to leave the way open for a rebirth in some form or another of the oppression from which men had been relieved. Therefore Godwin felt that Paine and his fellows did not, in fact, go nearly far enough in their condemnation of positive institutions such as the state and its instruments.

To Godwin it was clear, as it was to no other man of his day, that the real core of the problem lay not in the superficial aspects presented by such matters as parliamentary representation and methods of taxation, but at a deeper level, in the relations between men in society, particularly in the vital matter of property relationships, to which none of the English followers of the Revolution had given serious consideration. Accumulated property, Godwin realised, was the basis of the whole edifice of government and tyranny, at the same time its reason for existence and its means of perpetuation. Government was merely the means by which the control of property remained in the hands of the few; the privileged class who governed a country were always the class who enjoyed the fruits of accumulated property. Therefore, while Godwin recognised the evils of existing forms of government, and went beyond his contemporaries even in this matter in recognising the evil and injustice of the very institution of government, he was most sharply distinguished from them in the fact that he laid his great stress on the need for the abolition of accumulated property. For he realised that, unless this were done, a formal abolition of government would still leave power in the hands of those who controlled property and would allow the resurrection of governmental forms and the continuance of the social evils, such as war, which arise from property.

In these two ways, then, Godwin's thought moved ahead of his contemporaries, i.e., instead of the abolition of particular forms of government he saw the necessity for the abolition of all government and, secondly, he realised the property basis of government and

therefore saw that if the abolition of government were to be effective it must be accompanied by the destruction of the institution of accumulated property. Based on these two ideas, his theory of society was in advance of that of any contemporary thinker, and of all the celebrated Victorian liberal theoreticians who followed him. As one can see from reading the work even of such advanced scholars as John Stuart Mill, H. T. Buckle and Herbert Spencer, these men advanced only over part of the way covered by Godwin, and shrank from the conclusions which he reached and which were the logical terminations of their own courses of reasoning.

It was in 1791, two years after the outbreak of the French Revolution, that Godwin decided to write down the social ideas he had formed during the last two years. By this time the English intellectual and political movement had recovered from the first astonishment and enthusiasm which had followed the overthrow of the *ancien regime*. The defenders of the reaction, who would have received scanty hearing in '89, had rallied and, led by Edmund Burke, were conducting an anti-Gallic and anti-Jacobin campaign which had, as its main weapon, the terror it could induce in a bourgeois audience by vilification of the revolutionaries and exaggerated stories of the excesses said to have been practiced by the Jacobins. The reactionary campaign had the full support of the Court and the Tory leaders, and Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution, published in November,* 1790, had a wide effect among the upper and middle classes, crystallising their alarm and setting on its way the swing of opinion which was soon to involve England in the most bloody and expensive war it had yet endured.

The liberal defenders of the revolution immediately set to work to refute Burke and in March, 1791, appeared the most celebrated of these replies, Tom Paine's *Rights of Man,* with which, as we have already seen, Godwin was closely associated.

To Godwin all the replies were superficial and referred only to the issue of the immediate present. He saw that the real refutation of the defenders of the established order of property and government must rest on a stronger basis, and decided to write a work which would consider the whole field of politics and justice and endeavour to establish the permanent and fundamental principles on which a just society could be founded.

Godwin refers to this decision in an account, written some time afterwards, of the year 1791.

> "This year was the main crisis of my life. In the summer of 1791 I gave up my concern for the New Annual Register, the historical part of which I had written for seven years, and abdicated, I hope for ever, the task of performing a literary labour, the nature of which should be dictated by anything but the promptings of my own mind. I suggested to Robinson the bookseller the idea of composing a treatise on Political Principles,

and he agreed to aid me in executing it. My original conception proceeded on a feeling of the imperfections and errors of Montesquieu, and a desire of supplying a less faulty work. In the first fervour of my enthusiasm, I entertained the vain imagination of 'hewing a stone from the rock,' which, by its inherent energy and weight, should overbear and annihilate all opposition, and place the principles of politics on an immovable basis. It was my first determination to tell all that I apprehended to be truth, confident that from such a proceeding the best results were to be expected."

Godwin actually projected the book in May, 1791. There followed long discussions with his friends, particularly Holcroft and Marshall, and the work was not commenced until September. It took some sixteen months to write. He worked slowly and thoroughly, never writing more than six or seven pages a day, and more often less than that amount.

Even as he wrote the book, his ideas were maturing steadily, and by the time of completion he emerged a far more convinced revolutionary than he had been at the start. This development is evident in the book itself, for the setting of the type and even the printing of the sheets were commenced while Godwin was still engaged on the latter part of the work, so that the picture of his mental development is preserved for all to examine.

Godwin realised the unevenness arising from this circumstance, and gives an apology for it, as well as for the haste with which the whole book was written, a haste which is indeed hardly detectable in Godwin's polished and noble style and consummate argument.

"It [Political Justice] was projected in the month of May, 1791; the composition was begun in the following September, and has therefore occupied a space of sixteen months. This period was devoted to the purpose with unremitted ardour. It were to be wished it had been longer, but it seemed as if no contemptible part of the utility of the work depended upon its early appearance.

"The printing of the following treatise, as well as the composition, was influenced by the same principle, a desire to reconcile a certain degree of despatch with the necessary deliberation. The printing was for that reason commenced long before the composition was finished. Some disadvantages have arisen from this circumstance. The ideas of the author became more perspicuous and digested as his enquiries advanced. The longer he considered the subject, the more accurately he seemed to understand it. This circumstance has led him into a few contradictions. The principal of these consists in an occasional inaccuracy of language, particularly in the first book, respecting the word 'government.' He did not enter upon the work without being aware that government by its very nature coun-

teracts the improvement of individual mind; but he understood the full meaning of this proposition more completely as he proceeded, and saw more distinctly into the nature of the remedy. This, and a few other defects, under a different mode of preparation would have been avoided. The candid reader will make a suitable allowance. The author judges upon a review that these defects are such as not materially to injure the object of the work and that more has been gained than lost by the conduct he has pursued."

In fact, to the student who wishes to observe the development of Godwin's attitude from one very close to that of left-wing radicals, like Tom Paine, to an anarchism far ahead of any of his contemporaries, the manner in which the book grows with the development of Godwin's own ideas is interesting and valuable.

Of the background against which this development took place Godwin himself gives an interesting description in his preface to *Political Justice*.

"The period in which this work makes its appearance is singular. The people of England have assiduously been excited to declare their loyalty, and to mark every man as obnoxious who is not ready to sign the Shibboleth of the constitution. Money is raised by voluntary subscription to defray the expense of prosecuting men who shall dare to promulgate heretical opinions, and thus to oppress them at once with the enmity of government and of individuals. This was an accident wholly unforeseen when the work was undertaken; and it will scarcely be supposed that such an accident could produce any alteration in the writer's designs. Every man, if we may believe the voice of rumour, is to be prosecuted who shall appeal to the public by the publication of any unconstitutional paper or pamphlet, and it is added that men are to be prosecuted for any unguarded words that may be dropped in the warmth of conversation or debate. It is now to be tried whether, in addition to these alarming encroachments on our liberty, a book is to fall under the arm of the civil power which, beside the advantage of having for one of its express objects the dissuading from all tumult or violence, is by its very nature an appeal to men of study and reflection. It is to be tried whether a project is formed for suppressing the activity of mind and putting an end to the disquisitions of science. Respecting the event in a personal view the author has formed his resolution. Whatever conduct his countrymen pursue, they will not be able to shake his tranquillity. The duty he is most bound to discharge is the assisting the progress of truth; and if he suffer in any respect for such a proceeding, there is certainly no vicissitude that can befal him that can ever bring along with it a more satisfactory consolation.

"But exclusively of this precarious and unimportant consideration, it is the fortune of the present work to appear before a public that is panic struck, and impressed with the most dreadful apprehensions of such doctrines as are here delivered. All the prejudices of the human mind are in arms against it. This circumstance may appear to be of greater importance than the other. But it is the property of truth to be fearless and to prove victorious over every adversary. It requires no great degree of fortitude to look with indifference on the false fire of the moment and to foresee the calm period of reason that will succeed."

The premonitions on which Godwin's statement were based were not unfounded. The reaction which followed the commencement of the war with Revolutionary France had already assumed considerable and menacing proportions. Supported in the intellectual and bourgeois circles by the efforts of men like Burke and organs like the *Anti-Jacobin Review,* among the rest of the population by agencies, such as the established and "free" churches, which always rally to the cause of counter-revolution, above all supported by the steadily increasing material power of the government and the moral atmosphere of war, with its characteristic hysteria and the rapid loss of a sense of truth and moral and intellectual values, this reaction steadily gained influence and, by the time of the publication of *Political Justice,* the tide of enthusiastic support for the French Revolution was already on the ebb.

Nevertheless, Jacobin ideals were still respected by large sections of the intelligentsia and the working class, and among such circles Godwin's work made a great impression. As his friend Hazlitt said, a quarter of a century after, "No work in our time gave such a blow to the philosophical mind of the country. Tom Paine was considered for the time as a Tom Fool to him, Paley an old woman, Edmund Burke a flashy sophist. . . . No one was more talked of, more looked up to, more sought after, and wherever liberty, truth, justice was the theme, his name was not far off." An anonymous contemporary journalist, writing in a collection of popular biographies called *Public Characters,* said of the book :

"Its terms were in reality so simple and intelligible that the work was scarcely published when it was everywhere the theme of popular conversation and praise. Perhaps no work of equal bulk ever had such a number of readers, and certainly no book of such profound inquiry ever made so many proselytes in an equal space of time."

Even allowing for exaggeration, these contemporary accounts show that Godwin, a celebrity almost over night, had become an influence among the British intelligentsia. Many of the young writers of the time became, at least temporarily, enthusiastic in his defence, and his supporters included such men as Wordsworth, de Quincey, Lamb and Hazlitt.

The sudden appearance of this book, whose arguments delivered a more complete and much more fundamental attack on the existing social order than any of its predecessors, could not fail to excite the attention of a government always fearfully on the watch for signs of subversive activity, and *Reflections Concerning Political Justice* was the subject of at least one anxious discussion in the Cabinet. The idea of taking proceedings against Godwin was only set aside after the Prime Minister, Pitt, had remarked that a book priced at three guineas could be regarded as innocuous because it cost too much for any but the propertied classes to buy. Nevertheless, Godwin was now regarded as a dangerous radical, and as such the Government obviously had him under their watch as a possible victim of a later general persecution.

Pitt had, in fact, been misled by the price of the book, which had no doubt been fixed so high with the very intention of avoiding a prosecution. Its reputation soon reached the more conscious strata of the workers who were affected by the radical feelings of the time, and various means were found by which they could have access to the book. In Scotland and Ireland cheap pirated editions were printed and had a relatively wide circulation among the workers, while in the industrial districts, and even in many country towns, artisans and labourers formed clubs, of which there are said to have been some hundreds, for the express purpose of purchasing the book and reading it aloud. Some of the political societies in London printed pamphlets of extracts containing those parts of the book which had a more current bearing on the social problems of the time.

Political Justice, in spite of Godwin's expressed desire for change to be left for the forces of peaceful education and evolution to accomplish, contained in its attack on all the philosophical bases of government an element so subversive that it could not help being a potent contributor to the social unrest of the time. Godwin became regarded by the respectable and the reactionary as one of the leading enemies of society, and when in 1794 the reaction began to take the ascendant his position and future were put in jeopardy.

The government, deciding that a stop must be put to the prevalent unrest, began to assume a more menacing attitude, and it was clear that it intended soon to attempt some more open and thorough persecution than that demonstrated in the minor repressions of the preceding years. For a man in Godwin's position there were two obvious alternatives. Either he could make himself safe, economically and personally, by stepping unobtrusively to the other side, as did many of his fellow intellectuals, including Wordsworth, Southey and Mackintosh. Or he could maintain his position as a radical, with its attendant dangers to his economic security and personal safety. He chose the latter, and remained for the rest of his life one of those who stood aside from the usual pursuits of power or money-seeking by forsaking former ideals. It is true that in

the later editions of his book he made certain amendments which might be construed as a weakening to his enemies. But these alterations are by no means as great as his enemies, or certain disillusioned disciples like de Quincey, have often represented. The revolutionary basis of *Political Justice,* in the negation of all government and of the evil of accumulated property, remained. And, even if we do not approve of the degree of weakening which Godwin actually showed, it must be remembered that he was no party leader with a large organised mass following, but an isolated individual standing far ahead of the men of his time, ahead even of most of his followers, who showed themselves in the event of trouble to be very indifferent supporters. The slight retreats which Godwin made before a hostile world can be understood, even if they cannot be justified. Moreover, it must be remembered that, when the government attempted a widespread action against the radicals, Godwin acted in solidarity with the left-wing writers and orators, and his intervention was, on one occasion at least, instrumental in halting the progress of the persecution.

In May, 1794, the Government decided to act firmly against the radicals in England, and chose to use the activities of the London Corresponding Society, a harmless pro-Jacobin body for political discussion, as an excuse for the onset. On the 12th May, Thomas Hardy, the shoemaker who had founded the Corresponding Society, was arrested and accused of high treason. Within a few days ten others, including Horne Tooke and Thelwall the pamphleteer, were in prison on the same charge.

A special, hand-picked committee was formed to collect evidence against the prisoners, and *Habeas Corpus* was suspended by Parliament, amid the unavailing protests of such well-meaning liberals as Sheridan and Charles James Fox. This allowed the Government to hold the prisoners without charge or trial, and they were kept in gaol until 2nd October, when Lord Chief Justice Eyre presented a formidable charge to a grand jury which returned a bill of indictment enabling the trial to take place. At this hearing Godwin's friend Holcroft, who was named in the charge, walked into the court and gave himself up to stand his trial with his comrades.

The publication of the charge caused great concern in radical circles. It was obvious that this was intended as the beginning of a widespread suppression of the Left, and that if a conviction were obtained it would be the prelude to much more widespread arrests and trials, in which every radical, including Godwin, knew that his turn would come, sooner or later. "We lived in a reign of terror," said Samuel Rogers, the poet. It was now known that the Government had some hundreds of signed warrants ready for use immediately a conviction was obtained at the trial. No doubt Godwin's name was among the first.

At the time Godwin was away in the country. There he re-

ceived a letter from Holcroft, who was imprisoned in Newgate, and immediately returned to London. The serious and urgent nature of the situation was immediately evident to him. The charge presented by Eyre was so cleverly constructed and so thoroughly spread through the country by what propaganda agencies existed at the time, that even many men well disposed to the radicals believed at first that the accused men had actually been plotting an attempt to overthrow the Government. It was therefore necessary for the charges to be refuted in as thorough a manner as possible. Godwin immediately set to work to do this, and in forty-eight hours he had finished the *Cursory Strictures on the Charge delivered by Lord Justice Eyre to the Grand Jury.*

On the 20th October the *Strictures* were published in the *Morning Chronicle,* and immediately reprinted as a pamphlet which was distributed throughout the land. The effect was instantaneous. We have no space to discuss the manner in which Godwin refuted Eyre, but of the effectiveness of the Strictures there can be no doubt. As a contemporary account says, "Instead of the guilt and conviction of the accused, nothing was heard of, in the streets and places of resort, but the flagrancy of the offences of the charge." Hazlitt, a critical judge of such matters, described it as "one of the most acute and seasonable political pamphlets that ever appeared."

The trials commenced on the 28th October with that of Thomas Hardy. The atmosphere was electric throughout London, where great crowds waited outside the court, and even in the country the pervading feeling of anxiety caused men to leave their work and wait for the stage coach to bring the latest news. The radical leaders and intellectuals were apprehensive, and some of them had already made arrangements to cross the Channel before the general arrests commenced.

The trial, bitterly contested, lasted eight days. The feeling of the people was with Hardy throughout, and when, after deliberating for three hours, the jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty," there was great rejoicing throughout the country.

The Government refused to acknowledge defeat, and now brought Horne Tooke into the dock. After a trial of five days, during which Tooke managed his own case with great wit and badgered Pitt who had been brought forward as a witness, the jury only retired for eight minutes before they returned to announce a verdict of Not Guilty. Again immense rejoicings showed the mood of the people. The Government, nevertheless, made a last effort and brought up Thelwall, who, after a trial of four days, was also acquitted. After that the rest of the prisoners were released. More important, the great comb-out of celebrated radicals which had been expected, failed to transpire, and many among both intellectuals and workers felt a great gratitude to Godwin for the timely intervention that stayed what would undoubtedly have been a most bitter attack on the whole radical movement, with little distinction for

person or sect. At first, indeed, his name was kept secret, but very soon it became known, and, for a while the radicals were full of praise for Godwin and his timely eloquence.

Yet before long they were annoyed with him because he did not share their views on the necessity for action along political lines. Godwin, however, had shown in an admirable manner the sincerity of his revolutionary beliefs and his feeling of solidarity with his fellows by helping them to repel the attack of the coercive institutions of the state. In parting with them when they wished merely to erect another kind of state, where the laws would be altered and different hands rule, but government and power would remain, Godwin showed himself to be the better revolutionary.

Today, Godwin is less known to the general public than most of the figures of his day whose memory survives, and among whom he shone as one of the superior minds of a generation. The reformist Tom Paine and the reactionary Edmund Burke, the faithful disciple Shelley and the apostate Wordsworth, and intimate friends like Lamb, Hazlitt and Coleridge, all shine more brightly in the light of fame, and the caprice of history has given the meanest of his opponents, Malthus, as great a niche as Godwin. Except for an incomplete American reprint, it is still necessary to go to the eighteenth century edition to find the original draft of Godwin's theories on society, while the works of the contemporaries we have just mentioned are available in many standard and cheap editions. *Political Justice,* with its anarchist theories of society, was a book which could hardly be pleasing to the politicians of either the left or the right. In consequence, after the pressure of the reaction in the 1790's had driven Godwin's ideas into comparative oblivion, the so-called revolutionaries made no effort to resuscitate them, and, indeed, took advantage of their obscurity in order to ignore a man whose arguments they found it impossible to disprove. Even a quarter of a century after, when Hazlitt wrote his essay on Godwin, the intellectual world was already beginning to forget this writer whose powers had once made him the greatest manifestation of the intellect of his generation.

To-day Godwin appears, for the most part, only as a passing mention in the political histories or as a character in the biographies of his celebrated friends. Yet, for those who can by some means acquire or borrow one of the elusive surviving copies of his masterpiece it will be a revelation to read his well-thought-out and ably written exposition of social problems which will be perennial until government and property are abolished. The major characters in the political histories, the subjects of the sensational biographies, were men whose teachings were, for the most part, applicable only in their own age, and even then incompletely. Godwin rises above his contemporaries because his social teachings are not affected by the passage of time and remain as valid and as closely applicable to the world of to-day as they were to Godwin's own world.

Poems

ON AN R.A.F. ACQUAINTANCE, MISSING ON A TRAINING FLIGHT IN SOUTH AFRICA

The afternoon is sliding beyond its heat:
Four o'clock, when the fragile tea cups perform
In Regency houses. Soon the trees and dust
Will speak the definite evening and the sunset
Dance on the hair of boys. The afternoon
Going away, and with it hope is going.

We, sprawling on beds in the camp, talking sometimes
And then shifting our bodies to uncomfortable langour,
Receive the descending rhythm of bulletins
Coming from semi-official half-neutral quarters,
And give our quick, sly glances to the place
Where he was alive last night and sometimes laughed.

Then he greeted the stars and knew their names
And saw the surf line where the sea was below,
Flirted with the flying shreds of cloud.
Orion was bending over to the West,
Jupiter paling, during his definite life.
We do not know if he saw the wet dawn over

The shapes of hills. Death is still an event
Of some importance: we are not yet encountering
The hourly give and take above the enemy,
Although the time will be when we are no longer
Shocked slightly by the absence of a voice
Moving between us and the noise of propellers.

I talked to him at times, we talked at times
Of the poets and dancers, swopped anthologies,
Almost agreed about Hopkins. Our last words
Were something like —"We shall continue this
Another day"—A yawn, and so we went
Back to our life or death—it is not yet confirmed.

Machines taking off and returning, the almost
Useless searching all the afternoon,
The restless bodies in the camp, the platitudes
To follow. And somewhere near a line of surf
A torn plane lying on a hillslope, and a boy
Dead or dying, blood going dry in his hair.

CHRISTOPHER WILLARD.

SANATORIUM DAY.

The stubborn flesh beneath the blanket knows
Clutched in the dry ditch the yearn of thighs
In aphrodisiac May; and thrusting summer lies
Sheathed in the promise of next winter's snows.
Through all his brief and burning day
Still surges in the varnished elm green heat,
And still for him the ripple-seeded wheat
Spurts from the gape of asomatic clay.

Tear not, from cock-crow till long fingers creep
To frost the flowering of his day-bright head,
The writhing tissues of his sprouting bed
And break no sapling of his waking sleep;
For swinging stars shall fling his timber down
And tidal night his coupling branches drown.

HARRY GREEN.

A SEPARATION.

There was no willing to this act:
No careful hurting of a nurtured hate
Or serpent grievance, roused to sudden spite;
There was no shameful fact.

No passionate betrayal came to light:
No guilty handkerchief or shining hair
Bore muted witness to the neat
Dissimulation of the glib desire.

Nor did a subtle conjuror come
To spread a stealthy havoc with his words
Or point to falsehood while the truth grew dim;
Nobody came with swords.

It was the strong forgotten fear
And childhood's old imperious hands
Which reached to grasp our lovely year
And left us broken on the sands.

LOUIS ADEANE.

POEM IN WINTER.

Hastily now skies empty their whiteness
powdering the surface of the weekold snow
the wind has sullied.

Beneath the uneasy foot, ice mirrors the uncertain walker
and passing flicker of wheels reveals
the binding chains.

Amongst dark beech whose trunks are, windward, white
carrion men fall on a fallen tree with axes
limbs red on the sculptured body
whose trunk twists and branches raise
evoking the floating shroud.

Now in tubular huts crouch men over fires
with gazing faces. And telling of their ways
with women, turn eagerly to argue
recalling the plague amongst the cattle
their strike in the dock
the fish catch and furnace heat
the time when
and future want

And hands dealing cards falter
coins cease clinking
razor pauses on the jerking bristles
the arm scratching in the armpit is withdrawn
cuckold suspends his reprimanding letter which must ignore
the price he paid was seven stouts for a forgetful whore:
thrown back mouth incanting vapid details
of the last-night joke
hangs inanely before it can compress
to the movement of these sticks which grope
for paths in the argument.
Only the prone body on the bed
with open mouth and feet together
lies still
as though it had been whipped.

But rockface is soon reached
and forward faces lower
events master the restive mind
barbed wire of the present,
frontier between desire and reality
distraction and action,
and over it, the forbidding guard—
Future.
Momentarily they challenge him:
is he enemy cold as death
or warm as a friend?

And the snow falls
silent and hastily.

PETER W. YOUNG.

From THE ENDLESS TRANCE

10. THE DRUMS HAVE TRUE VOICES

The drums bloomed in my mind,
as red flowers couched in a dark jungle.

My sun smiled on this garden of Eden.
My children will inhabit it.

The drums spoke violently of love,
the drums swore at the difficulty of love,
and at the difficulties of becoming a man and a woman
In spite of having become a machine.

Every sound has a home
shaped and coloured with the fame
of our knowledge of it.

I think the drummer thinks
with us
as the drum tortures immobility,
in which breeds the danger of death.

The voice of man
is skilfully ancestral to his musical instruments,
because man sang before he even worked.

11.

Children of the clouds
like rains
relieve and fertilise our brains.

That paenic mist.
by brown earth kissed
rises rises to return unmissed.

12. A POET.

A poet
is a wolf who opens his mouth to howl
but his mouth is blocked with howls that won't go out.

Lest his eyes
wear words like tears
wherever he works,
like a newspaper trellis to see the world through,
killed by the fractioning partition of phrases
his great difficulty
is to stun, suffer, drink
exhume, dehumanise
his way out of the
load of popular reaction
to what he said last.

PHILIP O'CONNOR.

XXII SEPTEMBER.

Moonlight on the Embankment:
London's subdued bridges, recessed towers;
distant Dome, silken Thames' flow
and complex arch here of reared scaffolding,
thrust of some bridge's incompleteness
into air, towards the moon.

And in that other riverside
so often moonlit-walked, the Paris bridges,
soft talkers tonight beneath the trees' rustling
alien in their own city speak
—in snatches frayed away by sidling shadows—
their desperate future out; or take
death by the elbow while they scrawl on stone;

and yet tonight
I cannot think of that Paris, but only
of Peter Abelard at a high window staring
out on the moonlit Seine,
seeing the beauty always beyond reach
that so compelled his allegiance and his power;
glimpsing, foretelling the eclipse
but moving always to that plangent music
mazed in certainty, shadowed but moonlit-clear.

CHRISTOPHER LEE.

Xavier Forneret

The Diamond on the Grass

It is said, I believe, that the glow worm announces by his appearance, more or less luminous, more or less fresh, whether near to a certain spot—for always according to the saying he moves under the influence of what is to come—the glow worm foretells either a storm at sea or a revolution on the earth. At such times he is dull, brightens and goes out. There is to be a miracle; he becomes hardly visible. There is to be a murder: he glows red. There is to be snow: his feet turn black. There is to be cold: he burns with a steady brilliance. There is to be rain: he moves his position. There are to be public festivals: he quivers in the grass and sheds innumer-

able little jets of light. There is to be hail : he moves jerkily. There is to be wind : he seems to bury himself in the earth. There is a beautiful sky for the morrow : he turns blue. There is a lovely night : he makes stars in the grass almost as if for a public festival, except that he does not quiver. For the birth of a child, the glow worm is white. Finally, at the hour when a strange destiny in fulfilled, the glow worm is yellow.

I do not know how much these sayings should be believed, but here they are and I tell my story.

On an evening when all the breath of angels glided over men's faces ; on one of those evenings when one would have a thousand lungs to give them to all the air which seems to come from the gardens of heaven ; under old and gigantic trees planted among the blades of grass, a pavilion spread out towards the moon its oblong and dilapidated wings.

There was water that wept in flowing over a bed of thorns. There were many green stones in which the fingers of time had made great holes, and there was much moss around these stones. There were many withered leaves of three or four seasons ago. There was much mystery, much silence, and all that had human life seemed far away. There a man might think himself the first or the last man, at the creation or at the judgment of God. How the moon seemed to offer to each leaf on the old trees, to each stone of the pavilion, to the water which flowed away and the briars which hindered it, her solemn melancholy and white tears ! But soon she tired of looking on the earth, drew over herself for a moment a veil that was almost black, and then there was nothing more to illumine the things of that abandoned spot but a soft fire on the grass. It was a little glow worm which flashed stars in every direction ; it foretold a good day after the night that was passing.

Honeysuckle grew over the roof of the pavilion and slid over the windows, twisting and falling down with age, and when the moon came out again the pavilion seemed like a white head, which had on its crest long tresses of green hair that caressed its eyes filled with stone tears.

On the flagstones, powdered with dust and old plaster which peeled from the ceiling and walls of the ruined dwelling, could be seen the fresh footprints of a man, and light, delicate marks which showed that the foot of a woman had also graced that deep solitude.

A copper lamp, held by a cord of pink silk, flickered almost imperceptibly in the middle of the ruin. Its wicks still gave light and it could easily be seen that they had burnt during the preceding night.

On this lamp there was a shade like that of a dark lantern, and on this shade a brown ribbon, attached to the only remaining arm of a seat; the other had doubtless fallen in the battle of years.

On the seat, which was very large and upholstered in a material that had once been aramanthine velvet, two places were marked; the interstice showed that the two persons who sat there held themselves very close to each other. Many parts of the seat were covered with dust, while others shone, rubbed, polished, almost worn away by the bodies that seemed often to take possession of it.

The seat faced the lamp, which hung a little way from it and also from the ground.

With the running of the water outside, something could be heard within the pavilion which rustled in all its corners, and when the glance of the moon lit some of these corners, the eye could make out things like large splashes of very black ink, which chance had given feet, on a white sheet of paper; things walking, stopping, then moving on again, and marking beneath them tracks of reflections such as flash from the wings of the happy cicadas, or from soap bubbles in the sun, or from the scales of fish seen at a certain time of day; a tribe of spiders in families, with their gear of webs, the despair of flies and help of cut fingers. There the spider showed off in freedom, having nothing to fear, neither the cries of children and women which betray its presence, nor the servants' duster which stupefies it, nor the soles of shoes and slippers which crush it, nor yet the tongue of a candle which burns it. The spider lived there, entirely secure in his dusty domain. The glow worm need not put on for him its shade of a strange fate, its shade of yellow. The spider span for itself a silken happiness, sweet, uniform, of all days, all hours, each minute, each second.

Flower petals were shed on the seat and throughout the pavilion. A little bench, covered with a cushion, touched the front feet of the seat, and served only for the place at the right—at least, it appeared so. The remaining arm of the seat was also on the right.

Between the legs of the little bench, disposed in the form of a drawer, was an Ussassi casket, which was often disturbed and replaced in its case; its corners were blunted, splintered and rounded with being touched and retouched, again and again.

Nine hours struck at the moment when the moon looked down, when the spider span, when the glow worm glowed.

The water ran as time passes, always.

Soon there appeared, in the line of earth and sand of a path, a young woman. Her dress was white, and flew under the mouth of the wind. Her hair rippled like golden waves on a breast white as her dress and breathless as her hair. Her mouth, oh, her mouth, you could have said that it leant on lips, so much did it tremble, so much throbbed in it that voluptuous agitation which lives only

when lips are on lips, when heart is on heart. In all her features there was complete hope; in the most hidden of her looks there was the death that often gives happiness—you know, that death which comes in a shiver that takes you, in a pressure that ties your veins, in that ecstacy which halts your life and takes away the warmth of your blood; you know?

You see, that woman was going to meet her lover. And she believed in God. In God, in the saints, in the angels, in everything. Oh, yes, she believed. If you could have seen her heart leap in her breast in the midst of her holy beliefs, you would have said to yourself: "What possesses that woman? Ah, what possesses that woman?" And, however strong and well armed you might have been, if she could have read the thoughts in your face, she would have replied, "Away! Away! Let me pass! I am going to my lover—and should I on my way leave on your sword a portion of my body—some of my bones, broken, splintered, bruised—so long as I have still what will give a breath to his kiss, a smile to his mouth, a look to his eyes, a tear to his soul, then let my blood flow on the point of your sword, let my flesh open and spread out under its edge—it matters little to me, you see, it matters little! But in your mercy, my God, my God, let me go to meet my lover, let me go to the paradise of Heaven!"

And she went, she went, the young woman, stroking the earth with her feet, as if she had kissed it, perfuming the flowers and the air as she went, and leaving everywhere a little of her breath, a little of her soul.

She said, "I go to look at him, to speak to him, to hear and touch him." Yes, all this I will have. My voice will mingle with his, but his is a thousand times sweeter. Oh, if you heard it—truly I shall die with those words from his heart. You cannot think how he says 'I love you!' No, for he never says it and I hear it always. The sun warms the veins of the earth—for him mine burn to ashes. My God, how can I wish to tell what I endure? I am very troubled. There is something when he is there, completely transparent, luminous, and pleasing, which gladdens, astonishes and overwhelms. I hear sounds which first bite into the ear, then caress it, then envelop it in music. I hear kisses, silver of lips, all around me, then cries which begin, swell, undulate and fade away as they are extinguished. Is that what I experience, what I hear, what I see? No, it cannot be that. Sometimes images, in thin leaves of gold, seem to pass over my head—whirlpools of spirits, with wings that make no shadow, skim over my face; ribbons, in an infinite number of colours, unroll, spread out, ripple, glitter and fall, I know not where; a Genius, known and sent by God alone, surrounds me with an impulse which strikes me, holds me back, chills me, animates me, melts me. It is as if I received life many times, and many times death."

The young woman looked at the stones, the bushes, the grass, and whispered to them the struggle within her.

Soon the path vanished at the pavilion, and led the young woman there. She heard the sound of its water, and felt again something very sweet, very sweet, and smiled to her little glow worm which had just hidden the moon.

She went in.

The little glow worm became yellow.

Immediately she fell on her knees, crossed herself and seemed agape before one of the seats. Her fingers mingled sweetly with the tufts of violet and jasmine, and pulled from their stalks the white and blue flowers; then she threw them on the seat as a little priest swings incense at Corpus Christi. She almost ceased to breathe, and a veil of tears was in her eyes.

This adoration lasted about the time it takes to say five Paternosters and four Ave Marias.

After that the young woman rose, sat down, but did not light the lamp, for already she occupied herself with nothing, already she seemed only like a machine which still moves slightly. She was restless, breathless, shivering, for she waited and no one came. Painfully she brought from its little drawer the Ussassi casket, to kiss it on every side, on every part, on every corner.

We shall not try to say what she felt during the hour when she saw no one enter the pavilion; it would be as difficult to tell that as to re-make the world. We believe only that a dense cloud stifled her, that teeth gnawed her, that cords of fire squeezed her heart, that she struggled, languished, seemed to be dying under something frightful.

Suddenly fear seized her when she saw, a little above the dark lamp, eyes that watched her.

For some time she remained fixed to the chair by those two moving nails; but a sudden impulse pulled her by the dress and made her fly, scattering from her lips, "Oh, if he were dead! Oh, if he were going to die!" And she ran, she ran, and fell on her lover, who had just been murdered.

On the lamp in the pavilion an owl perched gravely, and, at the moment when the young woman ran out, looked at itself in the little glow worm.

On the morrow, at the same time, this glow worm, which had turned yellow for the man, turned yellow for the woman. She had poisoned herself where she fell.

Alex Comfort

Art and Social Responsibility

Partisan Review, published in New York, advertised this year a number to be devoted to exposing the "New Failure of Nerve" in western liberalism. The advertisement catalogued a series of the tendencies which the editors regarded as retrograde, obscurantist, reactionary. They included the abandonment of the historical for the metaphysical approach to politics and ethics, a return to the idea of Original Sin, and the appearance once again of the quasi-religious or intuitive view with which one cannot argue in place of the quasi-scientific. It struck me that so many of these concepts were in fact the principles of thought and of art which are tending more and more to guide the artists who have begun to appear publicly since the war broke out: belonging to that generation, I am perfectly aware of the influence of those concepts on myself: I have examined them fairly often, and whether out of personal prejudice or out of conviction I must refuse to admit that they are obscurantist principles. We have just passed through a period of classicism in English poetry which has no parallel in American work, except where that work has felt the influence of English writers, and we have seen a few of its limitations. History has driven us from classicism to romanticism, and the migration has been almost universal among sensitive writers.

These terms, classic and romantic, stand for more than difference of style. The classic sees man as master and the romantic as victim of his environment. That seems to me to be the real difference. I regard the periods of English literature as an alternation between these two concepts. It is as if the awareness of death, the factor which, at root, determines the degree to which we feel masters of our circumstances, ebbed and flowed, alternately emphasised and obscured as a factor in interpretative art. The classical periods are periods of economic and mental security, when the drive is toward action and where the majority of the people is in possession of a satisfactory interpretation of the universe and of themselves, religious or political, it can be either. They are periods during which the burdens of realising and interpreting the most ghastly of all conflicts, between the man's and the artist's desperate

desire for permanence, and factual death which he discovers fall upon individual shoulders. These artists, standing in a period of general complacency are the major poets. The Victorian period was one such, and it produced its Arnolds and Mark Rutherfords who agonised as much quantitatively if not qualitatively within the structure of the times as did Rilke or Thompson, or Unamuno and Lorca in contemporary Europe.

The active periods with their extroverted public alternate with ages when the realisation of the Tragic Sense becomes general, spreads over continents, reaches men who are conscious only of a great dread. There are no major poets, because what they have to say, everybody already knows. The times need not revealers but concealers, a hierarchy of men who will hide the truth of death from humanity, or life becomes empty. Major poetry is the vicarious function of the single artist—he takes the weight of tragic awareness to shield the rest of humanity from it. I rather doubt if ever in history there have been so many who realised the emotional fact of death. It has become a personal realisation over great areas of the world. We are at the turn of a major period of classicism (Victorian) which produced major romantic poets, and finally classical poets using the husk of romantic technique. Slack water was at about 1900, and suddenly the face of death began to be seen by more and more people. The private knowledge of the Dostoievskys and Unamunos of the past was becoming general. A numb silence fell on everyone, except Monro and his Georgians, who could not understand what was happening and shouted to fill the gap. There were two attempts to reinstate a classical, secure, approach. The Imagists wrote, with increasing tragic awareness. The socialist poets attempted to deny the awareness and to turn to society, but in Spain the face of the unpleasant black figure was unveiled. The poets went out to fight taking Marx with them, and came back with Unamuno and Lorca. It was then that the historical approach became hollow. In an incredible fashion the same knowledge, unconditioned by history, was growing up in innumerable childhoods—Dylan Thomas knew it early in life, long before the Spanish defeat. Art does not move always by sudden transition —Steiner's concept of the Zeitgeist is truer than it looks. The transitions are a matter of relative numbers who reach a viewpoint together, independently. Artists can reflect it because it is the general temper of the public, or they can explore it as pathologists explore disease.

The awareness of death, the quasi-priestly function, are omnipresent for anyone who knows contemporary English art and letters. No artist can escape from them and retain his art. I do not wish to argue for them, only to state that they are here. The new climate is a thing into which we grew up. The ideas that lie behind it are the obscurantist ideas of the Editor of *Partisan Review*, but to us

they appear true—and they are these.

1. That history is not a process which is amenable to reason. That it is not to be regarded as a steady progress in any direction, whether moral or political, e.g., towards civilisation, goodness, socialism, but as an oscillation about a fixed point, an ebb and flow between certain fixed limits which have not within human record been exceeded. We are coming to feel very strongly that no other interpretation of the facts is responsible. One cannot suggest on the recorded evidence that man is either morally better (however that be defined) or politically more capable of forming a society which does not involve the abuse of power. His achievement fluctuates sufficiently for one to be able to say that democracy is "better"—i.e., more humane or less exacting—than fascism, or that the Greece of 450 B.C. was preferable to the Rome of 50 A.D., but the statement that absolute qualitative change has taken place between B.C. 500 and A.D. 1943 is without meaning for us. We do not believe that society now is any less of an evil than society then, or society when Godwin saw it.

2. That those who cannot ignore death cannot find any intellectual significance in life, such as dialectical materialists see. Therefore we are driven to accept an *emotional* analysis of history instead of an intellectual one. We are therefore concerned to discover the principles of human thought and action revealed in the myth and to try to plant our art upon them.

3. That one of the properties common to humanity throughout all historical periods to which we have access is a congenital inability to form a community which does not involve the abuse of power. We accept this hypothesis for the same reason that we call the tendency to live between fifty and eighty years a human property—evidence tends to suggest that in a majority of cases it is factually true. One does not detect the tendency so freely in individuals as the Adlerians would lead us to believe—it is not a question of individual lust-for-power, but a different property, belonging to masses, and able to vitiate the most enlightened decisions. It seems that in any community, acting as a community, the constructive impulses cancel out, and the negative and destructive summate. This is as true of the Communist party as it is of Feudal Poland or the Roman Empire. It is as though we were to have a boat full of blindfold rowers. They pull in different directions, and no progress is made, but the weights of the crew add up, and she sinks. There is a good deal of argument possible whether education can in any degree remedy this tendency. One can call it original sin if one wishes. I do not care what name you give it—for me as an artist it is real, the most real feature of society in all ages. All ages speak of deterioration as a journey *down* hill. Social conduct is described as harder than its opposite. It is no new idea. But the viciousness of an organisation tends to be proportional to its size. Democracy

seems a priori wrong, because it involves the refusal to admit that the majority is never right. Fascism is the attempt to summate the destructive impulses and to use them as a basis for a society. It teaches, logically, contempt for death and suffering in oneself and in others. It teaches that the individual is unreal, and therefore death, the termination of the individual is unreal also. If this does not explain the genuine satisfaction which all authoritarian societies give to their adherents, then I have misunderstood society. But I have no use for a Swedenborgian Hell by common consent. One cannot propel the boat by the weight of its rowers.

Therefore now politically we regard ourselves as absolved. The State has consistently shown itself to be evil, insofar as we are able to understand evil. It has absolved us by rejecting individuality, to which as artists we are obliged to cling, even though in retaining it we are forced to face the reality of personal death, the bitterest thought that any interpretative mind can face. We now accept no responsibility to any group, only to individuals. There are no corporate allegiances. All our politics are atomised.

It is not that as artists we have deserted society. It has deserted or ejected us, and we live on in contact with it as tenants whom the landlord has not troubled to have thrown out. We have not seceded, but in clinging to personality we cling to something which everyone knows is the harbinger of death. They hate us for reminding them of it. They burrow deeper into society to lose sight of the fact which towers over them. Rather than face it, they become insane. That is the world in which our art is placed. Fascism is a refuge from Death in death. And Fascism epitomises society.

I suppose that I should summarize my conclusions so far in some such form as this:

(i) Man, considered individually, seems to be internally maladapted. He possesses a conscious sense of personality which, as far as one can reasonably guess, is not shared by other organisms, and which renders the emotional realisation of death intolerable, and incompatible with continued enjoyment of existence. He therefore attempts universally to deny either that death is real or that his personality is really personal. If he cannot avoid the necessity of death, then he must deny his desire for individual life, because it carries the certainty of extinction.

(ii) At the present time, one of the main human refuges in the past (the negation of death) is apparently sealed by scientific research. I say apparently, because the important factor from the viewpoint of social psychology is not the actual evidence but the acceptance of death as real by a high proportion of the populations which have so far evaded the realisation.

(iii) Accordingly, the emphasis is laid more than ever before on the negation of individual personality and responsibility, since to

admit that I am an individual I must also admit that I will cease to exist. The negation takes the form of a growing belief in the conception of an immortal invisible and only wise Society, which can exact responsibilities and demand allegiances. The concept is as old as human thought, but its acceptance is becoming more and more a refuge from the reality of self. Society is not only a form of abrogating moral responsibility, it is a womb into which one can crawl back and become immortal because unborn.

(iv) But we have seen that it is a property of group decisions that they submerge constructive impulses and summate destructive ones, so that the product of any group action is by tendency destructive and irrational. The courses of action which the group mode of thought imposes upon the individual members are so grotesque and so wildly at variance with reason and with normal constructive activity that by reference to individual standards they are clinically insane. The consciousness of personality is the factor which differentiates human societies from superficially similar animal societies. The group, acting as a group, is therefore merely a wolf pack, no more, no less.

I use the words insane, insanity, deliberately and in their normal literal meaning. Upon them I intend to build up an attitude to group societies which act as groups and not as free associations of individuals. Insanity, for me, denotes the commission of acts into the nature of which the patient has no insight, and which are destructive to the doer and to his fellows. Men who participate in corporate action which involves the abrogation of personality—who are members of any society to which they attribute quasi-human properties and admit obligations, are, while so participating, madmen. Madmen are at present murdering the Jews. Madmen are bombarding the cities of Europe. Society, in so far as it attempts to usurp the rights of an individual, is fundamentally a manifestation not of human achievement but of mental disease. It is an immortal delusion set up to exorcize the fear of death, and its roots are insanity.

There have been many fine and sensitive minds in our generation who did not know why they were driven irresistably to court death—who hated society, and could only protest against it by dying as it instructed them. Koestler brought out this bitter ambivalence in his essay on Richard Hillary; the choice is between accepting death as the end, and winning personality and life: and denying death in the obedience to Society, and thereby denying life. Hillary regarded his life as forfeit to a society which he hated and distrusted. Like an artist, he saw the vicarious function he was called to perform, but with a great courage, or what is the same thing, a great fear of cowardice, he interpreted his work in the medium of his own dying. For the best minds, the most sensitive powers, life in the present world is impossible, and secession other than by death unthinkable.

Yet the most terrible feature of insanity, of frenzy, is that it can be recognized in ourselves, in our friends. The man whom one knows—a good fellow, able to live *as an individual* a life which is free from any conscious assaults on the rights of others, who does not make a practise of beating his own head or the heads of others against walls, who is sane, with whom one eats or drinks—this same man can very well return one evening to talk or drink with you again and catalogue the most grotesque and contemptible actions which he has performed, or which he supports, with full approval and a fixed delusional sense of their rightness, solely because he is now acting as a member of some organised group. He will pay any price to rid himself of the selfhood which, subconsciously, he knows must die. It is this frantic prostration before society, this masochistic attitude which permits aggregate lunacy to torture him, kill him, or drive him to actions of unspeakable idiocy, which explains the obedience of so many populations to rogues and brutes who pull the strings and make Leviathan walk. Yet this fellow you eat and drink with is still a good fellow. If all those who supported tyranny, butchered each other, and generally raised hell and high water were blackguards, film Nazis, one could be happy. But I sat smoking last week with a great personal friend of mine who has just helped to exterminate, under orders, the population of a city where he has a good many acquaintances. He is filled with a sense of the rightness of his action, and he was willing to perform it at great personal risk. By participating in a human Society, he had bought the abrogation of the fear of death at the price of his personality. He is not a fool nor a sadist—he is your friend or your son. His contact with society has made him perform an action which, a year ago, or if it had been performed yesterday by a society of which he was not a member, he would have called bestial and contemptible. He looks back on it with pride, because he has accepted it as an action on behalf of humanity.

Jailers, firing squads, thugs—the horror of it is that in many cases they owe the criminality of their acts not to themselves but to the fact that they are members of a society and possess no insight into its corporate actions. To call them insane, over the range of those actions, is not a figure of speech but a clinical fact. If insanity is a divorce between reality and perception which, by depriving a man of insight, renders him a peril to himself and others, then these men—my friend, all of them—are insane, over the whole section of their activity which is involved with the madhouse group. What else does the tag concerning Salus Populi mean, save that society abrogates rational conduct? What else is the contemporary phrase Military Necessity but a prelude to some grotesque piece of bestiality which we are being asked to accept? We are living in a madhouse, whenever Society is allowed to become personalized and regarded as a super-individual. We are living in a madhouse now.

We are forced to live in an asylum, where we are both patients and explorers. Certain rules, arrived at empirically, will govern our conduct, and so firmly do I believe that organised humanity is in fact mad that I can only regulate my relations with my fellow-inmates by that analogy.

First, I recognise the seeds of madness in myself. I know that if ever, for any purpose, I allow myself to act as a member of a group, from that moment I am a madman, and the degree of my insanity will be proportional to the size of the group.

Second, I must avoid all bodies, groups, teams, gangs, organised squads, for where two or three are gathered together, there is lunacy in the midst of them, whether lunacy that kills Jews, lunacy that flogs Indians, lunacy that believes Lord George Gordon or the Ku Klux Klan, or lunacy that bombs Berlin. Yet I shall not hate or distrust any of my fellow patients singly. They are exactly as I am. I can see how dangerous they are, but I can be as dangerous to them if I allow myself to become involved. I have responsibility to my fellow-madmen. It will be said that I deny social responsibility. I do not—I believe that responsibility is boundless. We have boundless responsibility to every person we meet. The foreman owes it to his men not to persecute them—he owes it as a man, not because there is an abstract power vested in the T.U.C. which demands it. Society is a flight *from* responsibility, an attempt to exercise it towards a non-existent scarecrow rather than to real people. Each sincere citizen feels responsibility to Society in the abstract, and none to the people he kills. The furious obedience of the Good Citizens is basically irresponsible. We have no responsibility whatever to a society (we recognise no moral duties towards a gang of madmen): our responsibilities to each other I believe to be boundless.

Third, one must aim at concealment. The chief task will be to remain unnoticed by these ranging gangs of fellow-patients. Their main fury falls on anybody who, by remaining a person, reminds them of personality and death. One lives in perpetual danger from hatred or the equally destructive desire of the Good Citizens, and we shall need to humour, to cajole, to deceive, to appease, to compromise, to run at the right moments. When two of these squealing packs are murdering each other we shall be denounced by both as traitors for failing to join in. The most we can do is to attempt to snatch out of the mob one or two of the pathetic figures, urged on by scamps, who compose such mobs. They are our friends.

If this seems a cynical or a hysterical estimate of human society and of my attitude to it, I must be allowed to say this: from what I have seen of history in about ten years of semi-adult political consciousness, it seems to be true. Perhaps the environment was a very unfavourable one. I have lived only in a social

system generally admitted to be at the end of its tether. But I believe this to be true. I belong to a generation brought up in the certainty that it would be killed in action on behalf of an unreality against an insanity. But war is not a special case. The English public is madder now than in 1938—it kills and tortures with as little scruple as its enemies did then—but war is only an aggravation of society. It comes strangely that I should denounce other people's doing when I cannot say what principles guide my own actions. I say emphatically that war is wrong, and do not know why I say it. The position is illogical, but I see no way out. I do believe these things, though I know of no rational basis for ethics. I cannot give so many reasons for believing any one action to be wrong as I can give for believing a work of art to be bad. Yet as I am confident that æsthetics are real, and find myself obliged to act accordingly, so in the field of ethics I must act on some of the voices that one hears shouting. There is a hope that they may sometimes speak the truth. I believe, therefore, in reason against insanity. Society for me stands for insanity.

A few years ago, my immediate predecessors were chiefly influenced by the concept of the Class War. I believe that that concept, as a force for progress, has outlived its truth (not because it was, in the first place, false—nobody in his senses could deny that that it was and is an historical event) and become a partial truth only. We are beginning to see that classless societies can be as preposterous in their demands on the individual conscience as any others, and as heavily impregnated with insanity. Where they have succeeded, it is because they have permitted the fragmentation of the state into individuals. Where they have not permitted it, they have become more tyrannical than the manifestly unjust societies that went before. The war is not between classes. The war is at root between individuals and society. The beginnings of every revolutionary movement show stages—the first, when it moves forward to overthrow a society whose demands on the individual are insane, being itself a free association of individuals; the second, when it stands still, and Leviathan acquires a body; the third, when Leviathan becomes Frankenstein and the fitting object for a fresh revolution. The demands become increasingly exorbitant, abstract notions of solidarity are made concrete, a State is invested with powers and properties, and once again it preys on its individual members, with or without their consent. It is with this whole idea of society as a super-person that we are at war, and class struggles are superseded by this struggle.

Certainly, this struggle, the relevant struggle, is overlapped by others—the Class war, the European war. Many participants in each remain participants through confusion of the two struggles. A good many of the dynamitards and secret journalists of Europe will resume their weapons against whatever carpet bag state the

Allies install. A good many communists like the Old Guard—will be forced to continue their war against the classless state if they get it. The most discouraging thing is to see sincere people who appreciate the nature of society mistaking one struggle for the other. The war for freedom is the war against society. There is no other enemy.

And for those who see the present war as a struggle for human freedom, I can only say that that is what they are fighting for but not what they will get. The scenery can be so skilfully changed. The obviously right course of action can be doggedly pursued until with the collapse of the stage scenery its true enormity appears. The people are the only victims and the only losers. Whoever wins it will not be they, and whatever results it will not be freedom. We are sitting now and awaiting the swindle.

As we look at Europe to-day, we cannot see it as writers of the 'Thirties saw it. We do not see a clear-cut issue between progress and reaction. We see defrauded and deluded peoples engaged in utterly purposeless destruction, because the objects for which they fight are unreal hopes dangled in front of their noses by the respective governments of their countries. Because these peoples have abrogated their right to employ their intelligence and have agreed to act as good citizens, their sincerity and self-sacrifice count for absolutely nothing. (There is an equal sincerity and an equal sacrifice on both sides, for diametrically opposite but equally fraudulent objects.)

I have referred to stage scenery. The young man of my own generation was pushed by society on to a stage where certain events were being enacted, shown the villain, and instructed to choose between shooting him and being shot. Now, in the circumstances of the play, and assuming all the conventions of melodrama, there was only one right course of action, but no sooner has one pursued it, for a year or a scene, than down comes the scenery and a fresh set of theatrical conventions appears, and one is told "Now do your obvious duty" (which has become the direct opposite of what it was in Scene I, because the villain has been altered and several of the heroes have gone to the bad). And some of us have made up our minds that we will no longer be party to a blood-stained and fraudulent charade in which the weapons are loaded and the helpless audience are the only victims. We reject the dramatic conventions. From now on, we will be concerned with people, not conjuring tricks.

What are we to teach the people? As writers and artists we cannot avoid teaching them. There is no escape. In all wars we are neutral, not because we ignore wrong doing, but because as individuals we must apply identical standards to the actions of both sides. Acquiescence in the murder of the population of Lidice is as evil as acquiescence in the murder of the population of Hamburg.

We cannot be bothered with the interminable nonsense of causes and nations, because we know it to be fraudulent. The "obviously right" cause is so only because of the stage scenery which has been set up by society. Only people matter to us. When Diamond was fighting Capone, he missed a golden chance. He should have raised a citizen army to support him, on the ground that he only robbed while Capone cut throats: he should have denounced non-participants for acquiescing in murder. Our pity extends to every individual who is the victim of history—the persecuted Jews, the persecuted Indians. Stripes are red whatever back they are upon. We are neutral not because we feel too little of evil but because we feel too much. At every move we make to assist a sufferer, crash goes our foot in an equally innocent face. To say "All peoples are our friends. All societies are our enemies" is not as foolish as it sounds. We will say it.

But what are we to make of our subject? Europe stinks of blood and groans with separation. What are we to make of a world where diablement and sickness are priceless possessions, a sort of passport to life? How many wives would buy a game leg or a hunch back for their husbands—how many mothers for their sons? I was present at a strange celebration. We sat round a table drinking to a young man's future. A week before, the house had been in mourning as if he were already dead. He was reaching his eighteenth birthday, when one chooses between a butcher's life and a sheep's death. The papers had come. During that day he fell into his machine at work. One of his legs became shorter than the other. It is as though he had been given a paper, certifying, "This man is out of the hands of the Lunatics. If he looks sharp and is lucky, he may form a cell for himself into which the gangs of Good Citizens, who patrol the world looking for people to educate by cutting their windpipes, may fail to break."

That is how Freedom comes.

I say all this, because I believe that in essence art is the act of standing aside from society, with certain important qualifications. Herbert Read has pointed out that in truly free communities art is a general activity, far more cognate with craft than it can ever be in contemporary organized life, and he consigns the professional artist to his father the devil. I accept the proposition; it seems to be merely another statement of the hostility between society and sanity which I have described. A state of affairs in which art could become a part of all daily activity, and in which all activity was potentially creative, would be a free community, and not a society—that is, a personified body treated as though it were an entity in itself—of the kind I have attacked. Art consists in standing aside.

But it is essential that there should be no bitterness in the action. It may take any form, from the pure escape of decoration to the analysis of dreams and impulses in the myth, and to the most savage

denunciation. But there must be no bitterness against humanity Neither must there be an attitude of superiority. The artist employs his form as the voice of a great multitude. It is only through the vicarious activity of creation that the great multitude ever finds a voice. Every creative activity speaks on behalf of utterly voiceless people: of the politically oppressed, of innumerable victims of society and circumstance, of everyone finally, since man is always at some time the victim of his environment: and since they have undergone the supreme indignity, on behalf of the dead.

That is what I mean by saying that the essence of romanticism is the acceptance of a sense of tragedy. All creative work speaks on behalf of somebody who would otherwise be voiceless, even the decoration of the potter who protests against the monotony of his work. I am always conscious of these submerged voices, as much in the tentative and nervous forms of early expression—savage and childhood productions, bad derivative art produced, under civilized conditions, by people striving to express themselves—as in the technically professionalized work of the great ages of painting. No creative activity is free of the sense of protest. It is the sole way open to man of protesting against his destiny.

In the actual circumstances of contemporary writing, the standing aside must take different forms, though if it involves bitterness, hatred, a sense of moral and æsthetic superiority, or any form of ivory-towerism, it defeats itself. One can and must stand aside, though one can at the same time admire the scale and tragic quality of an event, or the courage which has gone to make an achievement. Anyone who is not deeply moved by events is probably not capable of creation. There is not the smallest reason why a poet should not write odes to the Russian Revolution or the Dnieper Dam if these subjects move him, and represent the message which, on behalf of some of the submerged voices, he is attempting to interpret. But the poetry is subsequent to the fact that whoever writes it has already stood far enough away from his subject to be able to see it in reasonable proportion. It is the right to do this, even in a community whose ideals inspire sympathy, that is utterly fundamental to good writing, and it is precisely this right which contemporary society is unanimous in denying. When it comes to the interpretation of the war, both publics and their leaders realize, consciously or unconsciously, that there is no more serious threat to the will to continue fighting than the existence of a body of objective art. It requires to be explained away, blackguarded into silence, conscripted, or ignored, according to the methods in vogue in the society concerned. But it continues to exist. The right to stand aside is contested everywhere. Leaders who have acclaimed the work of a particular artist because he denounced their opponents are exasperated to find that the denunciatory criticism extends to themselves.

Accordingly, we apply the same standards to every cause or body which represents itself, without owing allegiance to any of them. We recognize boundless responsibility to men, especially to all those who are deprived of their voices, but ultimately to all men, since they will in time become silent. We must demand the right to secession as the one square foot of ground which is solid and from which we can look at and interpret the gigantic chaos of human existence. We are learning ourselves to live in the structure of insane societies while defying them, practising to retain our lives as if we were really sane men in an asylum where all individuals were allies and all bodies were bent on killing us, and we teach others, as far as we can, to do likewise.

The weak are inheriting the earth, though they are forced to fight, plot, deceive for every inch of the legacy. They are taxed, killed, frightened, conscripted, deceived, interned collectively; the gangs of good citizens drive them like sheep, they are dragged from their standing ground by the innumerable pressure of the flood round them and the ranks of Bedlamite citizenship are recruited from them. They inherit by default, like small animals inhabiting the floor of a forest, and dying off like flies, but they strike back ineffectually and, by sheer weight of numbers, invincibly. Their aggregate intervals of sanity suffice to overthrow the entire edifice of society which has been built on their backs and out of their flesh. Their sane moments are ultimately decisive. The whole structure comes down. Then in a year or two, they begin like coral insects to construct a new load for their backs. But all of them are ready now and again, through a barrage of deceit, to assert their personality from time to time. The woman who fails to fuse a shell securely, the clerk who does not look a second time at a pass, the girl who hides a deserter and the idiot who misdirects an escort, whatever their nationality, are acting as members and soldiers of the community of the weak, the greatest conspiracy in history, which is ceaseless. It is quite irrelevant that at the next moment they are killing Jews, bombing cities, supporting Jacks-in-office and believing lies. At times every one of them has struck a minor blow for personality. It is to these people that art owes a responsibility which is hard to measure. Among modern writers one feels that only Arnold Zweig and Giono have achieved it continuously.

It is rare that a free community of such people can come into existence. One finds islands of community which have escaped the curse of personified societies scattered everywhere—the shelters during the air raids, the Cossack villages, some primitive tribes, prisoners in Dachau or Huyton, the Russian collective farms. These are the largest communities in which anarchism is real and the standing aside preliminary to creation is not resented to the same degree as in the societies of clock-faces, whose sole virtue is their

unanimity in error. This virtue is a virtue of death. They do not escape death by evading it in the renunciation of life. It is not for nothing that Brueghel's skeletons have all the same faces.

An artistic responsibility consists in taking all this upon our shoulders—in providing voices for all those who have not voices. One comes to feel that if God created the world, He did it as a protest against His own limitations

Fredrick Lohr

Tolstoy

There is to-day a revival of interest in Leo Tolstoy. Extracts from his great novel "War and Peace" were broadcast by the B.B.C. in the summer of 1943, and both "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina" were in the same year presented at London theatres. There is now a growing demand for Tolstoy's works, and though doubtless this will concentrate on his fiction, it is to be hoped that through this will be stimulated an interest in his lesser known but equally important theoretical writings.

For Tolstoy was not only a writer of great novels. He also wrote prolifically on the practical social questions of his day. Indeed, the major part of his life's literary work takes the form of a scathing criticism of nineteenth century civilisation. For over thirty years, to the day he died, he laboured with his pen to expose and correct the evils of modern society.

Leo Tolstoy, seer and prophet! Stern critic of his age, intrepid visionary of the future. It is indeed salutary that this great figure of the last century should be resurrected at this time. For there is much that we can learn from him, much light that he can shed on the causes of the terrible plight in which western civilisation now finds itself.

When well on in middle life and at the height of his fame as a literary artist, Tolstoy was suddenly struck a blow of moral questioning concerning the life he was leading. Something happened to him that impelled him as a result to renounce the world of wealth and fashion into which, as a Russian aristocrat, he had been born. Inexplicably to his family and friends he began to devote his great talents to subjects in which he had previously shown but pictorial interest. Necessarily as a novelist, he had noted the light and shade of life, the co-existence of luxury and destitution, of idleness and toil, of freedom and slavery. But now these social contrasts disturbed him in a way they had never done before. Now he felt im-

pelled to ask why these things should be. Henceforward he spared no effort to discover an answer to this question, this question which we all come to know as the *social question*.

As always happens to men of deep feeling, the once posited social question precludes a return to previous indifference of it. So it was with Leo Tolstoy. The awakening of his conscience to the intolerable injustice of the division of society into Rich and Poor, made impossible for him a return to the literary expression of his past.

He now applied himself, with the singlemindedness of the seeker after Truth, to the investigation of the structure of the civilisation in which he lived. Searching for a justification of social contradictions he could no longer conscientiously ignore, he turned first to analyse the traditional institutions which, in every civilised country, legitimise the modes of thought which sustain these anomalies. He examined critically the moral foundations of Church and State.

Real heroism now issued from the man. Laboriously and in considerable spiritual pain, for he had no natural aptitude or inclination for abstract thought, he bored his way through the labyrinths of theology and jurisprudence. His most intimate friends, thinking he was in danger of succumbing to religious mania, implored him to abandon this quest into metaphysics and to return to literature. From a sick bed his friend Turgenev writes to him "Turn back to literature. That is your real gift. Great Poet of our Russian land, hear my plea."

But the barb of conscience had penetrated deep. Tolstoy held to his way, a way that was ultimately to transform the great literary artist into a crusading pamphleteer, a zealot of moral reform. It has been said that literature lost much by this metamorphosis, and it is true that Tolstoy's subsequent work suffers considerably from his changed outlook. It reveals little of the artistry of his earlier writing. Decidedly it falls far short of the genius of "War and Peace." But Tolstoy was not now seeking to display art, nor to develop subtlety of style. Ruthlessly he disciplined his expression in the interests of forceful language. He was no longer primarily a writer seeking to portray life; now he was a propagandist striving to convert his fellows. His work took on an insistency that bordered upon dogmatism. He tried to convince by the strength of his own convictions. His arguments are hammer blows of logic. The proselyte pamphleteer writes his tracts in terrible earnestness, as though he sees the task he has set himself as the performance of a solemn duty.

Ten years spent in searching religion, philosophy and political science, seeking always a justification and explanation for social inequality, convinced Tolstoy that the ecclesiastical hierarchy is a sham, a pillar supporting injustice. He was persuaded that the

State is nothing but the machinery of property protection, and the Law—a justification for the legalisation of violence. He now emerged as an outright social revolutionary preaching anew Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

Most of the revolutionary ideology of the past two centuries has its fountain spring in the tenets of primitive Christianity. But most of the bearers of this revelation are unconscious of this psychological fact. Modern science and research have provided new trappings for old dreams and aspirations. But with Tolstoy the position was otherwise. He preached simply the Gospel of the Brotherhood of Man in the Fatherhood of God, The Kingdom of God on earth. Seeing in Love, and in Love alone, the way of brotherhood, he took as his starting point the renunciation of violence, the ethic of non-resistance to evil. In so doing his teaching is driven logically into involvements and implications that go further and deeper than the propaganda of any of the reformers and revolutionists that the turbulent Russia of his time produced.

Tolstoy never styled himself by any political label. He never claimed for himself more than the endeavour to be a Christian. But through his bitter and unrelenting criticism of private property and aristocratic privilege; his open and courageous antagonism towards Church and State, he became known to his own and to later generations as an anarchist whose hatred of governmental Power and ecclesiastical authority was theoretically more intolerant and practically more uncompromising than any of the theorists and activists of political anarchism.

Tolstoy stood alone, as still to-day he stands alone. He received support from neither the socialist reformers nor the anarchist revolutionists. By his insistence that government was the root of social evil he antagonised the socialists who were struggling to gain possession of State Power. By his repudiation of violence as a means to securing justice and equality for the oppressed masses, he took from the anarchist revolutionists the only weapon they saw possible for the liberation of working people from economic slavery and political despotism. Pupils as they were of eighteenth century rationalism and nineteenth century materialism, Tolstoy's primitive Christian moralism was incomprehensible to the political progressives of his age, just as it was anathema to the ecclesiastics of the Orthodox Church who felt compelled to excommunicate him. And, in truth, for the modern revolutionary, faced with the grim realities of militarism and class-struggle, Tolstoy's Christian ethics and his exhortations to practical anarchistic behaviour are not easy to reconcile. Nor is it any the less difficult for Christian people of our day to accept Tolstoy's interpretation of Christ's teaching, and at the same time to remain within the fold of the institutional Church. Such apparent contradictions are resolved only by constantly remembering, so far as Tolstoy is concerned, the theistic nature of his moral

starting point. For those of us who with Tolstoy believe in the existence of God and the realm of spiritual realities, it is necessary always in the face of conflicting temporal contingencies, to affirm sincerely and without compromise that man's actions are to be judged not by relative standards of expediency, but by transcendental values. For those who are indifferent or antagonistic to Tolstoy's theism, such forethought is an unnecessary hindrance to action. To such Tolstoy will ever remain incomprehensible and his teaching inconsistent.

Tolstoy's teaching is hard. It strikes no less keenly against national and class prejudices than against cultural and personal pretensions. It is no escape from his relentless logic to dismiss him as merely a moralist. Tolstoy *was* a moralist, and it is true that much of his later writing appears to be disfigured by an over-rationalistic moralism. But we cannot disregard him because of that. His teaching on social problems, if unwelcome, must be combated on the ground he fights—that of reasoning from moral premises. And after all, every criticism of our social order, no matter from what political direction it comes, must proceed from moral criteria. Every desire to change the structure, or to transform the basis of society, springs from the manifest incompatibility of social fact with moral consciousness. The historical claims to political liberty and economic equality, to freedom of speech, thought and religious worship, are one and all claims to justice. None of these claims would in fact have any validity at all, were not justice itself an accepted moral norm. We are accustomed to measure the degree to which moral consciousness has advanced in society by the amount of pressure which these claims to justice exert upon traditional privileges and inequalities. We mark the stages reached in human progress by the advances made in morality. For the progress of humanity is to be conceived *only in terms of humanity*, and not in terms of mechanical achievement. And humanity, as the criterion of progress, surely means that human behaviour and social relationships shall be increasingly motivated and sustained by reason, sympathy and justice, and ever less by passion and brute force.

The entire structure of Tolstoy's thought on the ethical, economic and political relationships within society is built upon the principle of non-violence (non-resistance by violence to evil). To Tolstoy, violence done by man to man is wrong. It is never justifiable as a means to social welfare. Indeed he constantly reiterates that the only method of advance to human betterment is by way of "non-resistance to evil".

Now whilst most people would agree with the principle of non-violence as being a desirable ethic, as a lofty and worthy ideal, few there are even to-day (perhaps because of to-day), who would maintain its relevancy to practical politics. For most of us this call to non-violent behaviour involves a division of consciousness. We find

it not impossible to be ethically non-violent in contemplation, in the mind—ideally. But in action, in our practical politics, we are alas, compelled to behave very differently. Real life, we find, is not amenable to such utopian intention. Non-violence is a wonderful ideal we think, but the facts of history and of life are against idealistic politics.

But this attitude only reveals our non-understanding of Tolstoy's position. We can accuse him of rationalism, but not of idealism. To him idea and action are identical. He intends us to see non-violence not as an ideal towards which we work and by which we ultimately judge our conduct, but to make non-violence our normal practice, our everyday attitude towards life. Tolstoy is not an advocate of the *abolition* of violence as a political programme. He envisages no party or sect which will arise to compel people to cease from violence. This is a socialistic intention—to abolish violence. But Tolstoy stresses the necessity to *renounce* which is quite different from to *abolish*. To abolish violence one must fight against it. To renounce violence, one ceases to fight violence, one ceases even to *think* it. Tolstoy would seek so to transform our values as to make violence abhorrent to us. So abhorrent, so contrary to our habits of life, that we shall as it were, become *physically incapable* of enmity and bloodshedding. One has only to follow Tolstoy's arguments to realise what a revolutionary change of society follows from the repudiation of violence as a means to the attainment of human ends. Much of our esteemed material progress would necessarily be subordinated to what he calls "human values." To the man who rejects the principle of violence, and who is unable to support and sanction human warfare, there follows a repudiation of the fruits of violence, such as the exploitation of men and animals.

Now Tolstoy is often reproached as a reactionary and a mediaevalist because he calls upon us to renounce the products of modern industrialism which make life so pleasant for many of us. But this accusation completely misconstrues Tolstoy's meaning. He does not ask us to abandon the achievements of science and industry, but points out that where such achievements are accomplished at the expense of human exploitation and degradation, it is immoral of us to continue to employ them in *this form*. True, the implication is that if such things are unobtainable except by such means, then we *should* forgo them in the interests of human fellowship and justice. It is said that one half of society does not know how the other half lives. If we only knew the cost in human misery of many of the things which we use and consume so lightheartedly, our moral conscience would be so disturbed that the savour of those things would disappear. To point out this truth is the intention of one of Tolstoy's tracts called "The Slavery of Our Times." In it Tolstoy develops the argument that all social evils spring from the sanctioning of violence in social affairs. His analysis

carries him into a condemnation of generally honoured and long-established institutions such as State and Church. He traces the origin of class-divided society, and its consequent exploitation of the many by the few, to the acquiescence in, and later sanctification of, the systematic use of organised violence. "Laws," he says, "are rules made by people who govern by means of organised violence."

Now there is great confusion of mind to-day regarding the function of government. Many people incline to believe that government is functional machinery for the satisfaction of society's needs. Tolstoy makes clear that it is not the function of government to organise any *social* requirement, but solely to control and direct the use of force. No one can deny that Governments do, and can, only exist by possessing force, whereas many organisations perform social functions without reliance upon coercion. Indeed, one might say that the use of coercion by any organised body is evidence of its anti-social nature and purpose. For instance, it would be difficult to see how riches and poverty could exist side by side in any society whose government was not prepared to use force to maintain the unequal division of socially-produced wealth.

It is just this wholesale condemnation of violence that creates such a dilemma for many sincere reformists and revolutionaries to-day. For if violence is not to be used to abolish violence, how then is society ever to transcend its present manifest unjust conditions? Tolstoy maintains firmly and unequivocably that we cannot cast out Beelzebub by Beelzebub. We are not to use violence to overthrow violence. Rightly or wrongly, Tolstoy pins his faith to the appeal to moral consciousness. First, he says, we are to observe that organised violence, for one cause or another, rests upon *approval. The disapproval* of violence is the first step towards its elimination. Proceeding from this is the struggle to unite morality to practice, to overcome the inherent dualism of our mode of living, even to the extent of sacrificing material progress to the ends of human justice and equality. Moral satisfactions, he insists, must take primacy over material desires.

This appeal to the moral consciousness must necessarily be an appeal to *individuals,* and many opponents of Tolstoy will lose no time in pointing out that individual action is useless and inadequate in a world in which society's form is determined by *social* forces and *class*-interests. Tolstoy does not disregard this point of view, but replies to it, by affirming quite rightly, that ultimately society is a consequence of human *conduct,* and therefore in the last analysis, the behaviour of men in society is determined by *will.*

It is to bring this will in harmony with reason and moral consciousness that is the purpose of Tolstoy's literary endeavours. Whether we agree wholeheartedly with his analysis or not, whether we accept his moral norms (taken as they are from his acceptance and interpretation of the Christian gospel) or not, are not matters

of prime importance. What, however, is of the first importance, is that when considering Tolstoy, when assessing his contribution to contemporary problems, we constantly bear in mind that his teaching is a call to humanity—to us all—not to contemplation, but to action. Tolstoy is not to be understood by those who conceive of action towards social justice in terms of mass-risings and civil wars, but by those whose understanding reveals that social change takes place first in the heart of the individual—that there commences the civil war which eventually will transform and transfigure this sinful world of ours into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Louis Adeane

Psychoanalysis and Government (Part I)

DEFINITIONS.

This essay will attempt to examine organised government in the light of psychoanalytic theory. The suggestions which will be put forward could be applied not only to the political institution of government, but to any authoritarian group whose existence is sanctioned by society: a religious autocracy, for instance, or the executive committee of a political party. The following definition by Malatesta indicates more precisely what is meant: "Government is the aggregate of the governors, and the governors . . . . are those who have the power to make laws, to regulate the relations between men, and to force obedience to these laws. They are those who . . . . judge and punish transgressors of the laws."*

Most people have an extremely vague idea of what is meant by psychoanalysis. "Psychoanalysis means two things and two only. The first is the technique devised by Freud for investigating the human mind or the subjective aspect of our life. The second is the body of theory which has emerged from the data thus collected."* (Chrichton-Miller.) Here we shall use the word in its second sense; but in the description "psychoanalysts" we include those who accept Freud's main contentions without subscribing to them all; as, for example, Jung and Adler.

"Anarchy" we use as meaning the type of society thought desirable by anarchists, i.e., an organisation whose guiding purpose is the assurance of individual freedom. "Anarchism" refers to the theories concerning anarchy and the means of attaining it.

THE REVELANCE OF PSYCHOANALYSIS.

Psycho-analysts dealing with the separate individual, and anarchists dealing with the individual in his relation to his fellows, have a similar point of view and a similar purpose in mind.

Anarchists do not think of other people as being merely economic or political units, or as being no more than functions in some collective "higher" endeavour. They regard human beings primarily as individuals, and they judge society by its ability to satisfy individual needs. Broadly speaking, they infer a community's political and economic structure from the mental and physical structure of the persons it includes, and social movements, such as coal strikes or changing techniques in painting or the rise of governments, they look upon as expressions of individual desire.

Like anarchism, psycho-analysis stresses the influence of environment upon the moulding of character while avoiding the mistake of assuming that men are made for, as well as by, their surroundings. Its method gives primary importance to the differentiated (as distinct for isolated) personality, and in consequence psycho-analysts tend to look outward from the man to the mass rather than inward from society to the individual. Thus they speak of "good" and "bad" environments, meaning suitable or not for the person under discussion, and never of "good" and "bad" people. On some issues, that of sexual morality, for instance, they have not hesitated to condemn society for its strictures on individual necessity. Further, by bringing seemingly unrelated forms of behaviour into a coherent framework, psychoanalysis, more than any other system of psychology perhaps, sharpens our sense of the completeness and value of the human personality: as Jung says: its method "reaches far beyond the curative results that specifically concern the doctor. It leads in the end to . . . . the bringing into reality of the whole human being."*

It does this by a procedure which is singularly like that advocated by anarchists in the social field. Its treatment is directed to the freeing of the individual from the coercion of the past; it desires him to achieve an intelligent, self-critical revolution within the self. It does not discard tradition; by putting it under conscious control it reintegrates it usefully into the personality. And by "tradition" it implies communal habits having their origin far back in the life of the race. The unconscious is the burying ground for primitive levels of collective emotion and action, levels which have been submerged in order to permit the growth of individualisation. In its task of releasing these impulses psychoanalysis facilitates fellowship between men, a commonalty which, now that we have developed self-awareness, need not be destructive or blind. Again psychoanalysis attacks the over-evaluation of subsidiary parts of the mind; it desires inner balance, a free co-operation of internal psychic processes. Perhaps Aurel Kolnai offers the most apt summing-up of

the matter: "Psychoanalysis wishes to train human beings who shall be free and individually different, but who shall unremittingly advance toward co-operation; human beings united by organic solidarity."*

With these facts in mind, we can expect to find in psychoanalysis many valuable supplements to anarchist theory. And we do discover that with regard to such subjects as revolution, propaganda, war, education, mutual aid—the list could be lengthened almost indefinitely—psychoanalysts have important suggestions to put forward. These are all social phenomena, and psychoanalysis studies individuals; but it cannot be emphasised too often that society is made up of individuals and that in order to understand it one must fully comprehend the single human being.

GOVERNMENT.

The origin of modern man's support of government is to be found in his childhood, and the prototype of the government he will favour may be fairly accurately defined as his parents. The parents are the first rulers, the first gods, and the first intimations the child receives of society. ("The family . . . . may be considered to be the psychological agent of society." Fromm.*) It should be remarked in passing that it is this fact which helps to account for the frequent confusion between the three in later life. People talk—and think—of "Britain" wanting whatever it is that some politician wants; both kings and societies ("the collective will of a great people," etc.) have been held to be divine. All governments foster the belief that their interests are identical with those of the governed, and that their existence is therefore justified and right. It is an easy fallacy to propagate, because unconsciously the feeling that a society, its government, and its ethical values are the same has always survived.

The child has many desires which clamour to be satisfied; unfortunately it is impossible to satisfy them all at one and the same time. Internal struggle is felt as pain, and so a new craving is added to the others: the longing for freedom from conflict. The child loves its parents because they satisfy many of its desires—they are identified with food, warmth, attention and protection. But it finds very quickly that some of its activities will be met by punishment, not pleasure. It learns to associate certain actions with pain and anxiety; others with a warm glow of approval and reward. It is taught that the pleasure-bringing activities are good; the others are bad. And so conscience is born, a sense of right and wrong. Later the child will love other people, and each will add, together with the gratification of desire, a quota of disapproval, so that the original ethical system will be elaborated and widened. On the basis of these relationships the child will construct an ideal self by which to measure its real attainments; an ideal self which will

correspond with the ethical standards of those with whom it has been in contact. Thus, though the feelings of guilt and self-approval retain the same characteristics from person to person and from age to age, the things about which they are exercised do not. People have thought it right to burn their fellows at the stake or to rip them to pieces with machine-gun bullets; others have felt justified in providing food-relief or refusing to fight. Broadly speaking, however, the ethical system adopted will be that of society as a whole, and the social structure will not begin to disintegrate until subsidiary systems assume the importance of the primary one.

It will be noticed that early in this process a significant change has taken place. Law, which was originally outside the child and part of the parents, has now been introjected into the personality and is part of the child. Henceforth he will carry government about with him, inexorably judging his actions and meting out praise or blame. The change has been accomplished for several reasons; one of them is that an internal discriminatory system, backed up by powerful pleasure-pain incentives, helps to give freedom from conflict; it reinforces the reality-principle, which has from the first striven to achieve such an emancipation. It is obvious that during the performance of this task a new struggle has come into being; a conflict between the judging process and the lawless instinctual wishes. At the expense of a great deal of energy, the condemned longings are repressed; they may emerge into consciousness later, in a social or anti-social form according largely to the environment and training of the person involved; they may be canalised for revolutionary purposes. One result of the struggle is a shifting of emphasis regarding the kind of freedom demanded; now the child has a strengthened desire for freedom from coercion.

Two types of government have so far been distinguished. The first is the external government of the parents; the second is the internal reign of the ego-ideal, which includes the judging faculty and the conscience. There are two further forms to be considered, which, like the second, arise from their prototypes. Perhaps it should be pointed out here that the later governments do not supersede the earlier; all four—and these can be subdivided further—can and do exist concurrently. Thus the child may conscientiously condemn the parents, but he will not necessarily cease to obey them, and if he does, he will probably feel guilty for having done so. In some circumstances, however, one system may acquire sufficient emotional drive to destroy the others, and then we reach the stage previously mentioned where the breaking up of the social system becomes possible and is felt to be desirable. *But the new society will still, in one or more of the four senses, be a governmental structure.*

The third kind of government is the one projected upon the outer world by the personality in its search for freedom from internal compulsion. Projection is a mechanism which we use in

almost all our dealings with reality. In infancy we project our feelings upon chairs and tables and toys; doors open terrifyingly. teddy bears protect us at night from the dark giant bear in the shadowy corner. Later we may identify the "bad" parts of ourselves with sections of society—the Jews or the negroes or the working class—so that, in conjunction with those of a similar outlook, we may suppress them all the more thoroughly. Similarly with the coercive law-giver within us; the internal is externalised; the ideal Government, by whose law people live and for which they die, is in being. Beneath this shining fantasy and invariably confused with it, lurks the fourth type, government as it really is.

For most men, the advantages of belief in these latter two forms of authority are tremendous. It is easier to deal with outer conflicts than inner; the externalised government sets out the laws so that all may read, distinguishes easily between the difficult degrees of rightness and wrongness. It is not imminent as conscience is, and may be considerably less coercive. It represses an externalised "evil", so that men can go on being wicked in comfort. Virtuously, conscientiously, men can applaud its ruthlessness and feel personally stronger as each tank rolls off the production line or each assassination plot is discovered and suppressed. If it makes a mistake, then men can blame it. (But though they blame, they will not immediately abandon, as every anti-authoritarian knows.) Weak men will support it because it performs the duties which they shirk. Strong men—strong-willed, honest, consistent—ruled by a harsh super-ego and an intolerable burden of unconscious guilt—may either support it or become part of it in reality: Gladstone, Peel, Canning, are examples taken from a period of expanding imperialism and increasing governmental assurance. Governments which not only dispense law but also control a nation's economics will have an even greater appeal; on the unconscious level they represent—in the persons of their leaders—not one but both parents; they inherit the fused authority of the first and most powerful of all ruling cliques. It is not difficult to understand the psychological factors underlying the acceptance of the totalitarian state.

THE GOVERNORS.

"Government is the aggregate of the governors". As has just been hinted, when we come to the consideration of the third and fourth types of authority it is necessary to examine in some detail the fact of leadership. All leaders govern, though the methods of a Y.M.C.A. group-leader may not be so explicit as those of a dictator or a party-politician; there is no essential difference between the leader and the governor. It is often suggested that there is a difference in that the former *expresses* the desires of a group, whereas the latter *impresses* his own desires upon the group; in the one case

the group actively supports, and in the other passively submits. As will be implied in the following paragraphs, these attitudes are actually only the polarites of a single psychic complex, similar to and often identical with sado-masochism. "Active support" by a group is due to its identification with the leader; subjectively the followers *are* the leader, and when an external community or they themselves ("passive submission") are threatened, they obtain the vicarious satisfaction of governing. In extreme examples such as that of Nazism, the fact that governor and leader are indistinguishable is manifest; in less obvious cases the fact is no less real. Leaders of any kind can find no sanction in anarchism.

Herbert Read, in discussing this matter, says of the "expressive" leader: "It is this second kind of leader, and only this kind of leader, who has a place in a community of free people. And who is the leader who expresses the thoughts, feelings and desires of the people—who but the poet and artist?" * Perhaps by examining this suggestion our own definition can be clarified. The artist differs in many important respects from the governor-leader; he does more than express the feelings and thoughts and desires of the people; he refines and elaborates, he interprets creatively. He displaces his need to impress from people to things. Within the context of past and present he comprehends the future. The leader, however, derives his driving power from a past he cannot escape. He is capable only of destruction, never of creation.

In large and highly specialised groups like the modern national state, the technical business of government is carried on by a bureaucracy—the Civil Service in this country—and the political leader acts as its representative. In less complex communities the two functions are fused. But from the point of view of the led this is not a very evident distinction: behind the governor they see the bureaucracy: like the parents, the two are the omniscient They. This makes it very easy for a powerful leader to take over the bureaucracy and destroy its neutrality, for it is he who is seen the most clearly and it is he who is followed. Similarly, economic control may be taken over with the approval of the group.

In the same way as the idea of government is modelled on the child's ideas concerning its parents, so the ideal leader is built out of the early relationship with the father. As with government also, there are three intervening stages of development, roughly corresponding with those we have already traced in the preceding section. The third and fourth types are the two aspects of leadership—the fantasy projection and the objective human beings whose shabby inadequacy it clothes. The points of difference in development and the original emotional tangle upon which a Hitler or a Stalin may depend, need elucidation.

The infant, of course, develops its ambivalent love-hate attitude first in relation to the mother, who gratifies or frustrates its desires

for food and warmth and protection; when the father enters the field of consciousness he comes usually as the tyrant (we are adopting the primitive viewpoint of the child), the one who punishes, frequently in accordance with the requests of the mother. Consequently a good deal of hatred is displaced upon him from the latter, and this tends to stabilise the mother-relationship. Love as well as anger is felt for the father, not only because he gives pleasure, but because he is the beloved of the mother, with whom the infant has identified itself. He is in addition, however, a rival for her love and attention, so that while hating, the child would like to step into his shoes, to be the governor himself. Thus it is natural for him to wish for the father's death; the guilt felt because of this is the root of submission to leadership. In making such a reparation the child (and unconsciously the adult) is not only punishing himself as his conscience demands, but also placating his mother and establishing an even firmer love relationship with her: that is, *by submitting to the father he takes over the function of the father. The father, in impressing his authority over the child, simultaneously expresses the child's own desires.* The end-result in a normal process is the complete repression of the death-wish, leaving the individual conscious only of love and a desire for submission. The frequent striving to be *like* one's father is a compromise between unconscious reparation (keep the father alive, eternal) and an unconscious death-wish (steal from the father his position and power); a compromise which satisfies both sides and the conscience.

Let us briefly compare this picture of the subjective world of the infant with the fantasy picture later projected upon the real world by the adult. Here the leader is the father of his people; he acts as the executive of the group, punishing on behalf of the group and therefore justified in punishing. Leaders come and go; the group (mother-country, motherland, source of food and life and warmth) remains. The leader is masculine, the group feminine; the leader protects ("Peace in our time") or is subtly threatening ("Blood, toil, tears and sweat"). The group loves the leader and imitates him; by following him the individual can become one with the group. Everybody has wanted to be the leader; the leader speaks for the group and the individual.

Jung says that "As the father represents the collective consciousness, the traditional mind, so the mother represents the collective unconscious. . . . ."* The feminity of a group as compared with its leader explains why, in a sense, the group is always a little ahead of its government. The government represents yesterday's public opinion, not to-day's. In this connection also it is interesting that Germany should be infused with homosexuality. (Karl Abraham estimated that in post-war Berlin three to four per cent. of the population was *openly* homosexual.)*

What stages of development intervene between the childhood and adult fantasies? There is, firstly, the introjection of the father-image into the personality, where it becomes part of the ego-ideal, carrying with it the sadistic impulses. If these impulses are unusually strong, the inner struggle between ego-ideal and instinct is felt to be intolerable, so that an externalisation of the whole system becomes imperative. In any case a partial externalisation will take place and the socially modified fantasy will be projected upon reality. The importance of the father-worship in this connection is, that it gives greater precision and drive to the projection of government. There is a fusion of government and leadership. Nevertheless there is a difference between them: broadly speaking, the former is concerned with the problems of right and wrong, good and evil; though the latter has a share in the ethical system which will emerge, it need not be a very great share; government is diffused with the ideals derived from the mother, of gentleness and kindness, and as we have seen, it has greater depth and stability than leadership. Consequently, given critical awareness, the idea of authority can be displaced fairly easily to the abstract ideals of justice, truth and so on, whereas the idea of leadership cannot. The significance of this will be made clear in our conclusion.

The first person upon whom leadership will be projected is the father. Later in life others will be chosen, school teachers, club personalities, political leaders, etc., and a part-externalisation be established. If the internal complex is comparatively weak, it may be satisfied with this. A culture which strengthens the desire, however, will automatically compel its groups to expand competitively, for there is no permanent satisfaction in the sado-masochistic process once it is roused to activity. We will concern ourselves with this point in the next section.

The ties which bind the group to the leader bind also the leader to the group. The leader is not irresponsible or concerned with private ambitions unrelated to group aspiration; the more tyrannical he is, the more dependent is he on those he tyrannises. From his own point of view, he is sincere. Despots often talk of the benefits which their policy will bring, and it is obvious that they believe what they say. (Napoleon and Hitler are good examples.) The leader, at any rate, thinks himself an instrument of the people's will.

It may be objected that the "impression-expression" characteristic of leadership is only one characteristic,† or that too much emphasis has been placed on its sado-masochistic element. The reply would

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† F. C. Bartlett, for instance, categorises leaders as the dominant, the persuasive, and the institutional. But this does not weaken our analysis here, though the last of his subdivisions is interesting from the point of view of the revolutionary.

be that the former is the most important aspect in this context; and that the domination and submission involved in leadership would ultimately be found to have the sexual components inherent in sadism.

Having abstracted the concept of the Governors and examined it, we can replace and henceforth include it in the term Government.

THE EXTENSION OF GOVERNMENT.

Now that we have outlined the psychological processes which underlie the structure of government, it is necessary to illumine a little more clearly the factors which make for its growth and expansion. These factors are the same as those which have already been discussed, namely, individual desires; but desires whose outlet has been unduly restricted so that they demand ever more forcible representation to the fantasies and realities of leadership and authority. The restricting agency may be economic breakdown or the impact of an invading group or a narrowing tradition or a hundred other things, but it will almost certainly be what is usually called "external." When the individual meets with insuperable obstacles in the path of his development, there is a danger of regression to an earlier phase: the problem will be artificially simplified and carried back to a point in personal evolution where it can be overcome—apparently—by more primitive modes of action. In society to-day we see such a regression taking place in face of a collapsing economic structure; not one, but millions of individuals are retreating to a distorted version of the primitive primal horde, to unrestrained violence and power. Society is like a great wave curling back from the rocks of unemployment and hunger and insecurity to fall amongst the toy soldiers on the hearthrug and the childhood oaths of obedience in the coalshed.

A community which permits on the one hand only a desexualised conception of love and on the other encourages sado-masochism (education, films, war, mechanisation) is one which will inevitably become more and more authoritarian. The sado-masochistic components of group-formation can remain fairly stable up to a point; if repression becomes too strong, however—masochism on the part of the group—the individuals concerned feel an intenser desire for domination. Further repression within the group is impossible and so it becomes aggressive, dynamic; it expands. Its sadistic drive demands a weak opponent, and accordingly the neighbouring groups are seen as weak (the "decadent" democracies or the "cowardly" Italians). This is one reason for the failure of appeasement. There are few social groups today who do not strive with a greater or lesser degree of subtlety to forcibly widen their bounderies so that they may eventually include all the "love"-objects available.

In this connection it should be remembered that sado-masochism is closely allied to homosexuality. Consider the homosexual background to modern Germany or militant Sparta.

A third factor is a decline in family feeling. A decrease in the security and importance of the family robs the individual of many of the socially useful forms of submission and domination. Accordingly, he seeks an alternative unit, the State.

Finally, we must recognise the desire, as strong as the need for freedom, for solidarity with one's fellows. Reference has already been made to the rise of individualisation from the pre-selfconscious collectivity—repeated in the individual identification with the mother and surrounding objects. The impulses which are usually called "social instincts" have a specific contact here and must be satisfied. A free, individual man is a lonely man unless he can somehow achieve a spontaneous, creative fellowship. If he cannot do so, if society while offering "freedom" also crushes spontaneity and treats men as isolated units, then there is a danger that he will renounce his liberty in favour of subservience to a group and its government, where he can enjoy for a short time an illusory solidarity. A community without purpose, meaning or security, though it may make the individual "free" also makes him a slave. The words of Erich Fromm, who has dealt at length with this last factor in government, are especially relevant here: " . . . . man, the more he gains freedom in the sense of emerging from the original oneness of man and nature and the more he becomes an 'individual,' has no choice but to unite himself with the world in the spontaneity of love and productive work or else to seek a kind of security by such ties with the world as destroy his freedom and the integrity of his individual self."*

THE COLLAPSE OF GOVERNMENT.

We see then that men accept government because they want to be free from internal conflict and coercion. They will support government only so long as it succeeds in satisfying this desire. To recapitulate, the "government" in question is a fusion of two different things, the human beings who actually rule, and the subjective idea of Authority which the individual displaces (in part) from his childhood conception of the parents and superimposes via projection upon the objective reality. This reality is to-day a political one. In seeking freedom over the last three decades, whole societies have enslaved themselves either to an omnipotent, all-seeing Leader or to a committee of smaller Leaders, which, equipped with all the devices of applied science, effectively suppresses any liberty which may remain. Previous theological systems have been even more efficient. It is reassuring to reflect that their rule did not last, and that this was due to the contradictions inherent in government

itself, contraditions which are even now hastening the disintegration of political authority.

For in order to survive for more than a very short space of time, the objective, fourth-type government must live up to the standards expected of the third. In the long run this is impossible; in the short run expedients can be adopted whose operation exposes further contradictions and lays the government open to even more disastrous consequences. The whole history of government is a record of its attempts to solve this problem, or, having failed, to divert the people's anger to some other object.

The expedient usually put into practice is the erection of a façade corresponding to the fantasy picture of Authority. When this façade manifestly fails any longer to deceive, it can be changed, the change being accompanied by a tremendous bustle of whitewash and scaffolding—a general election or a "revolution"—in which the dissatisfaction of the governed can be temporarily assuaged. In the democracies this altering mirage is a succession of leaders; in other countries the switchover is superficially—to a different *kind* of government, a dictatorsip. (A good example is the de Rivera coup d'etat in Spain. The most stable of all authoritarian systems, the Roman Catholic Church, placed its façade unassailably in Heaven.) A dictatorship becomes necessary when the line of lesser governors has become a little too thin to support the burden of public belief any longer. The results of this expedient are to increase the amount of external conflict and compulsion to a degree no longer controllable either by the government or the governed. This is contradiction number two. And as a flood of terrorism, political murder, famine and war rises to swamp more and more of the individuals concerned, the third contradiction emerges: the second-type government is roused to revolt. People begin to re-apply ethics to the external world, to talk uneasily of the individual's social responsibility; secondary systems of right and wrong, accompanied by appropriate political ideologies, come into prominence, and the governmental structure faces collapse. At this point persecution of rebellious groups will only serve to strengten them; they will move into a position of overt sado-masochism which will not be abandoned until the object is (temporarily) eliminated.

There is a further point to be noted. This is that the first-type authority is usually supported, both materially and emotionally, by the fourth. A weakening of the one may damage the prestige of the other. In some circumstances this fact may be of great importance; such a situation will be noticed in the next section.

There is no solution to the problem faced by the fourth-type authority. Government in the objective sense will not work because it is bound to conflict with the subjective—but not less real—systems of authority set up by the individual. It will not work because man has now outgrown his identification with the herd; he demands

freedom as an individual. It will not work because it draws its support from a mental process which is now itself inappropriate to fully developed thinking and action. Projection ". . . is one of the oldest of mental mechanisms, it serves a useful purpose in emergencies, but its retention as an adult mechanism is one of the greatest dangers to existing civilisation." * When individuals learn to understand and accommodate the tendencies of the unconscious, they will no longer be misled by the tactics of governments, and external authority will finally lose its power.

*Quotations from:

Definitions

(1) Malatesta "Anarchy" p. 5.
(2) Crichton-Miller "Psychoanalysis and its Derivatives" p. 1.

Relevance of Psychoanalysis

(1) Jung "Modern Man in Search of a Soul" p. 31.
(2) Aurel Kolnai "Psychoanalysis and Sociology"

Government

(1) Erich Fromm "The Fear of Freedom" p. 245.

The Governors

(1) Herbert Read "The Politics of the Unpolitical."
(2) Jung "The Integration of the Personality" p. 113.
(3) Quoted in Peter Nathan's "Psychology of Fascism."

Extension of Government

(1) Fromm "Fear of Freedom" p. 118.

Collapse of Government

(1) Glover "War, Sadism and Pacifism" p. 27.